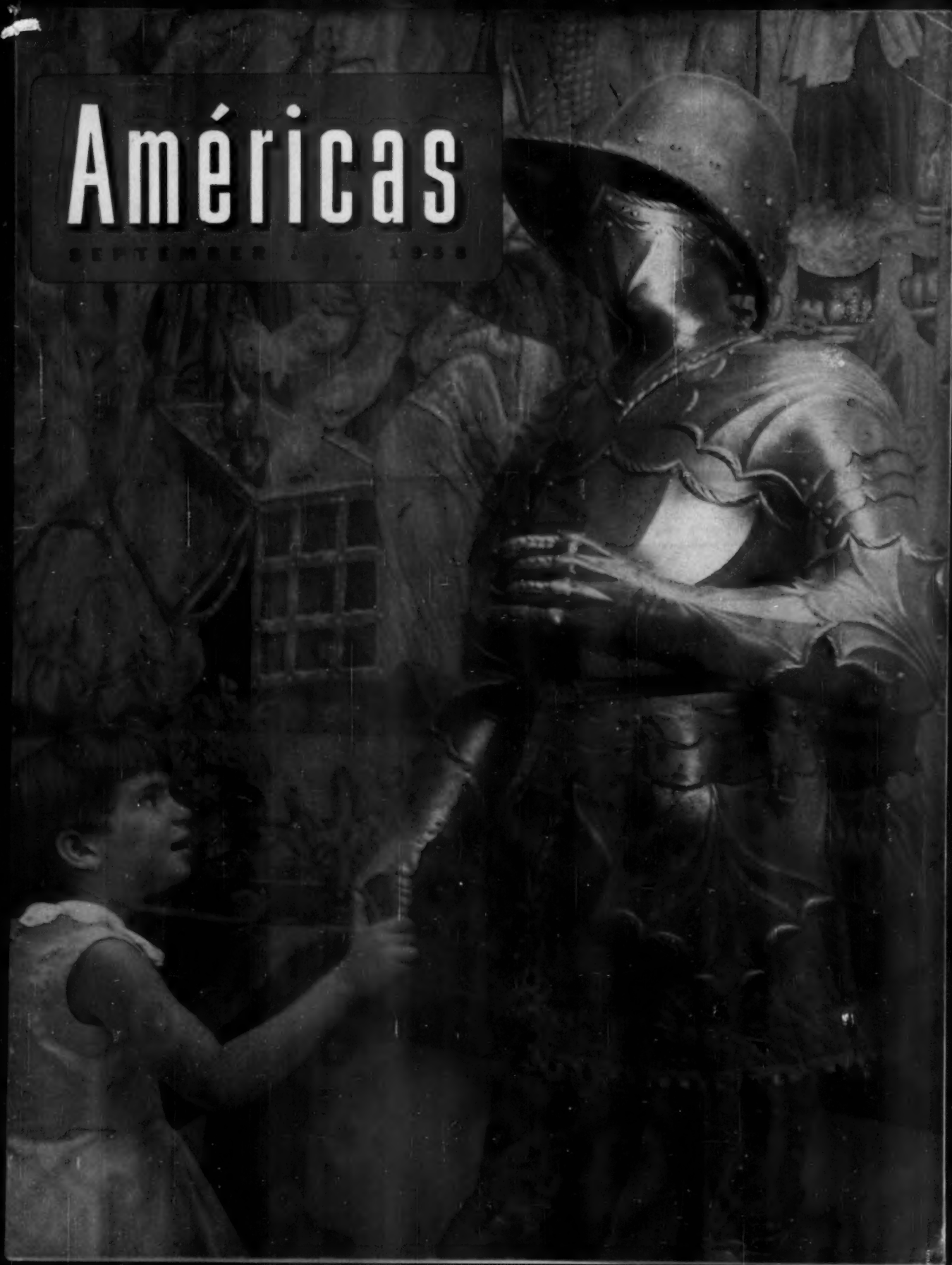


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José A. Mora, Secretary General

William Sanders, Assistant Secretary General

Editor

Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors

George C. Compton

Adolfo Solórzano Díaz

Benedicta S. Monsen

Assistant Editors

Elizabeth B. Kilmer

Hilton Danilo Meskus

Raúl Nass

Betty Wilson

Cover

Conquistador's armor is one of many antique furnishings in restored Alcázar of Diego Columbus, Ciudad Trujillo (see page 22). Photograph courtesy Dominican Republic Information Center.

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MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

The United States paid philatelic tribute to a South American independence leader for the first time on July 24, when two stamps bearing the likeness of the Liberator, Simón Bolívar, were issued in commemoration of the hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth. The new issue was formally dedicated in a ceremony at the Post Office Department attended by Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Venezuelan Chargé d'Affaires Dr. Eduardo A. Costa, OAS Assistant Secretary General William Sanders, and members of the Washington diplomatic corps.

"Simón Bolívar fought to destroy tyranny," Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield declared in his address. "He believed it better to die for freedom than to live in slavery; that freedom and democracy go hand in hand but that democracy must balance the demands of liberty and those of stability within a free society to prevent the rise of anarchy. Importantly, too, he believed that international problems can best be met by the free peoples of the world bound together in a common determination to seek all solutions through peaceful negotiations, in an atmosphere of mutual understanding and trust."

Philatelically speaking, the Latin American countries have been more generous to the United States in honoring its outstanding figures. Thirteen of them have issued stamps honoring President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Some have also depicted George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, and Charles A. Lindbergh. Ecuador recently put out a special stamp commemorating Vice-President Nixon's visit. Brazil, in addition to honoring Roosevelt, has devoted stamps to Presidents George Washington, Grover Cleveland, and Harry S. Truman, and to the geologist Orville A. Derby.

The new Bolívar stamps are the second issue in the "Champions of Liberty" series. The first was dedicated to Ramón Magsaysay, the late President of the Philippines. Later this year another will pay tribute to the Hungarian patriot Lajos Kossuth, and next February a fourth will be issued featuring another famous South American freedom fighter, General José de San Martín.

The portrait of Bolívar on the stamps is based on a painting by the Colombian artist Ricardo Acevedo Bernal. There is a four-cent denomination for U.S. domestic first-class mail, printed in ocher, and an eight-cent denomination for international surface mail, in red, blue, and ocher. They have been on sale since July 25 in the nation's 36,605 post offices.

Opposite: Stone head from East Court of Maya ruins at Copán, Honduras. Photograph by Diane and Ray Witlin

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

ARGENTINA'S "BATTLE OF PETROLEUM"

Argentine President Arturo Frondizi has announced a comprehensive program to make his country self-sufficient in petroleum. Contracts signed with U.S. and European private firms call for a billion-dollar investment to assure the production of sixteen million cubic meters of oil in 1962.

Imports. Oil and steel shortages have been the biggest obstacle to Argentine economic growth. The country imports about 65 per cent of the liquid fuel it uses--ten million out of fourteen million cubic meters in 1957. This represents a drain of some three hundred million dollars a year in foreign exchange. As first steps to lighten this financial burden, a contract with the British Petroleum Company, signed during the Suez Canal crisis, has been renegotiated to reduce the price; a treaty has been signed with the Soviet Union for the supply of one million tons of petroleum up to July 1959 under the barter system of the Argentine-Soviet Trade Agreement of 1953; Colombia has agreed to provide fifteen million dollars' worth of oil a year in exchange for Argentine products; and Argentina hopes to make similar arrangements with Rumania, Venezuela, Bolivia, Mexico, and Peru.

Production. But the long-term solution requires local output. Proved reserves of five hundred million cubic meters indicate that enough oil is there; the task is to get it out of the ground and transport it to where it is needed. The construction of pipelines will be accelerated. But the major emphasis is on new drilling. Since the national petroleum monopoly, Yacimientos Petroliferos Federales, cannot afford to do this alone, the following arrangements have been made with foreign companies:

1. The local ASTRA Company, whose concession has been depleted, will drill some thirty new wells for YPF, to produce about three hundred tons of oil a day.

2. A combination of investors known as the United States Group will supply equipment, machinery, and spare parts to a value of fifty million dollars, with payment in six years; drill wells total-

ing at least seven million meters in depth within three years; install a private plant for making oil machinery, at a cost of at least five million dollars; supply at least eighteen million barrels of petroleum during a two-to-three-year period; eventually build a new pipeline from Comodoro Rivadavia to Buenos Aires; and obtain a five-year loan of thirty million dollars for the Central Bank of Argentina. This will involve an estimated outlay of seven hundred million dollars in goods and services. The participating companies are the Atlas Corporation, the Hidden Splendor Mining Company, Petroatlas, Williams Brothers pipeline contractors, and the Mid-Continent Exploration Company—all of the United States—and the German Ferrostaal steel combine.

3. The Belgian firm Petrofina will drill some two hundred wells with an estimated output of one thousand tons a day. This will require an investment of thirty-five million dollars, repayable after the wells are producing.

4. Pan American International Oil Company, a U.S. firm, will drill between three and four hundred wells, to produce three thousand tons a day, at a cost of sixty million dollars.

5. The Lane Wells Company of the United States will complete the construction and supervise the maintenance of existing YPF wells, involving the equivalent of from two and a half to a possible ten million dollars.

6. The U.S. banking firm of Carl Loeb, Rhoades, and Company will take charge of drilling in an area to be designated by the YPF, with a minimum investment of a hundred million dollars.

7. A preliminary agreement has been signed for off-shore drilling to be done by the Sea Drilling Corporation of the United States.

8. Another preliminary agreement with a group of U.S. oil companies known as Conorada Petroleum Corporation foresees an investment of about one hundred million dollars in extraction for YPF.

The new contracts, which take advantage of the financial and technical resources of foreign companies without giving up the ownership of national resources, represent a radical departure from former Argentine petroleum policy. The experiment will be studied with interest by other countries in a similar situation.



the world

IN A HIGH SCHOOL

RUTH MULVEY HARMER photographs by the author

"WE'D WORK EVERYTHING OUT all right—if the grown-ups would just let us alone."

This was the judgment on the school-segregation issue pronounced by a fifteen-year-old white student at Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas. It was not just an adolescent fancy—all over the country, youngsters are making everything "work out all right." And nowhere is the fact more dramatically in evidence than at Belmont High School in Los Angeles. With every color (white, black, brown, yellow, red), every religious persuasion

(Protestant, Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Jewish, Moslem, Buddhist, Hindu), and forty-one foreign countries represented harmoniously in its student body, Belmont is the most "integrated" educational institution in the United States.

At Belmont, there are no minority groups—not even the Smiths, who are outnumbered two to one by the Garcías and the Wongs. "In our classes," says Sally Oyama, who arrived two years ago from Japan, "all of us are equal. We see at once that no one is smarter than another except for those 'brains.' We find the 'brains' in all races." Outside the classroom, the same equality is apparent. An R.O.T.C. drill resembles a workout by a junior UN task force. The officers of the present Student Council, who were elected by their two thousand fellow

RUTH MULVEY HARMER, who has been reporter or correspondent for a number of U.S. newspapers, lived and worked for four years in Mexico. She is now a university instructor and free-lance writer in Los Angeles.

pupils, are Allen Haynes, a white U.S. boy, president; Connie Quan, a Chinese artist, girls' vice-president; Carl Smith, a Negro who wants to become a chemical engineer, boys' vice-president; Ruth Honda, a Japanese girl, treasurer. So many other Asian, Latin American, and European nationalities are represented among the Council delegates that the noon-time meetings resemble sessions of the General Assembly. "We take it for granted that we are going to get along well," says Miss Helen Nicholson, head of the foreign-student program. "And we do."

It was first by accident, then by design, that Belmont became a laboratory for a continuing experiment in democracy. In 1923, when the handsome school was built on Crown Hill, its student body was drawn largely from prosperous upper-middle-class families living in big houses set back from streets lined with eucalyptus and black locust trees. The building was a "show place" calculated to appeal to fashionable tastes—a model of Italian Romanesque style with a towering campanile and spacious arcades instead of inside corridors. Even the brick was out of the ordinary: a special pattern of yellow-pink, red, and brown that has since become known as "Belmont tapestry." But as the city grew, the neighborhood became a fringe area—an anomalous borderline between "downtown" and "uptown." Spacious houses were carved up into apartments, and the change in occupancy was reflected in the class rolls, which became studded with Mexican, Italian, Japanese, and Chinese names. A course in English as a "foreign tongue" was added to the curriculum.

In the decades that followed, as the population of other parts of Los Angeles became more heterogeneous, it became standard policy to send all the city's non-English-speaking youngsters to Belmont. Last summer, to simplify immigration procedures, it was formally designated by the Board of Education as a "center" school—that is, one qualified to receive foreign students. (No boy or girl may enter the United States on an "F" or student visa unless accepted by an institution approved by the Department of Justice.) One other high school in Los Angeles, San Pedro, is similarly classified, but only a few foreigners are sent there and these are chiefly relatives of the Yugoslav immigrants who work in the fishing industry at the harbor.

This year, nearly six hundred of the two thousand students enrolled at Belmont are handled as "foreign students." Of that group, 128 are here on "F" visas, most of them from Mexico and Japan. The others are immigrants—permanent residents recently admitted on quotas or displaced persons permitted to enter by Act of Congress—and non-English-speaking American citizens. A number of the latter were born in the United States and taken back to their parents' homelands to receive "old world" training (this is particularly common among the Japanese), but one is a Navajo boy from New Mexico. Mexico leads the countries of origin with 321 students; Japan is second with 123. The others are: Australia, Belgium, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Ecuador, Egypt, El Salvador,

Estonia, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Honduras, Hungary, Indonesia, Iran, Israel, Italy, Jordan, Korea, Latvia, Lebanon, Nicaragua, the Netherlands, Panama, Peru, the Philippines, Rumania, Syria, Tunisia, Turkey, the Ukraine, and Yugoslavia.

Some of the foreign students show a desire to discard reminders of an unhappy past. A memorable example was a young refugee from Germany who came up one day, her face shining with pleasure, to Frances Hov, her journalism teacher.

"I won't be in class tomorrow, Miss Hov. I'm going to have plastic surgery."

Miss Hov was aghast. "But Frieda! You're so pretty. You don't need plastic surgery."

"It is not my face," answered Frieda. She rolled up her sleeve to reveal a number etched deeply into her arm. "I believe again that life is good and people are good; I don't want to remember the concentration camp ever again."

There is generally a sense of dedication to the ideal of brotherhood among the staff, which is just about as various as the student body and includes Japanese, Chinese, Italians, Mexicans, Spaniards, Russians, Greeks, along with an assortment of "just typical Americans—of Irish, Indian, German, English, Scotch, African, Scandinavian, and French descent." At Belmont it is no cause for wonder that Mrs. Rubeline Long, a Negro teacher, instructs Beauregard Lee, a direct descendant of Robert E.

Some indication of how seriously the students cherish their responsibility was given during World War II. Many adults in Los Angeles raged when the students elected Tad Mukaihata president of the Council: "He's

Belmont High School, Los Angeles, built in twenties for homogeneous upper-middle-class neighborhood, is now a melting pot





Miss Helen Nicholson, director of foreign-student program, and Philippine student Carmen de la Torre look up file on Jorge Escobar of Colombia

Japanese, and we're at war with the Japanese." But the students refused to back down, brushing aside objections with the simple argument that "Tad was the best candidate." The school administration supported the youngsters; it was "the only honorable thing to do," as the principal explained to both criticisms and commendations that poured in from all over the country. In such a situation, where individual worth is the only yardstick for measurement, traditional hostilities and hatreds evaporate; old nationalistic, religious, and racial wars tend to be forgotten. Instead of fighting *against* their fellows, the children are stimulated to fight *for* them. Charles Berrard, a Negro who is president of the Senior A class, recently intimated how satisfying that condition is when he explained haltingly: "Being accepted by other groups is a good feeling. You don't feel separate or left out all the time."

This acceptance and "good feeling" have inspired thousands of Belmont graduates to make impressive contributions to the community; the nation, and the world. Among them are a congressman, the managing editor of a chain of newspapers, the chief of the Los Angeles Detective Bureau (and also that glorifier of the city's Police Department, Jack Webb of *Dragnet*), teachers, prominent business men, and so many distinguished scientists that not long ago when a survey was made among a hundred of the country's foremost research men to learn what teacher had influenced them most, Dr. Bretton Nichol of Belmont was among the leaders. The entertainment field is star-studded with Belmont graduates: Odetta Felious, the spiritual and folk singer; Sonny Knight, radio, television, and recording star singer, whose diploma reads "Joseph Smith"; John Francis Patrick, the author of *The Teahouse of the August Moon* and other plays; Heinz Blankenburg of the San Francisco Opera Company; Mort Sahl, the San Francisco satirist who has become the darling of the nocturnal sophisticates.

Many graduates, of course, have elected to return home. One of the brightest, an Israeli, won a Phi Beta Kappa key at the University of California and "could have had almost any job he wanted." Instead, in the same spirit as a number of others, he went home to farm

and become a volunteer teacher—"because there is so much to be done there."

According to William Condit, boys' vice-principal, the aim at Belmont is "to bring out the best in all cultures. No one group has a monopoly on fine things, and we want the youngsters to appreciate what the others have to offer." To further this end, the various departments of the school present a continuous series of exhibits and programs celebrating the fine and folk arts of different nations. The "Monday inspirational"—a ten-minute voluntary assembly devoted to the great ethical teachings of all groups—was instituted by a late principal, Alfred Longfellow Benshimol, and is rarely at-



Edgar McAllister illustrates meaning of English pronouns to class of foreigners with help of puppet. Saucepan (on student's desk) and other real objects are also used

tended by fewer than nine hundred students. "We try," Mr. Condit says, "to emphasize to our youngsters that each is an ambassador who may bring credit to his culture. But we also emphasize that each is an individual in a democratic society where what he himself says and does is the basis for his acceptance."

Fundamentally, the Belmont approach is to treat all newcomers just like any other Los Angeles high-school student. They are given copies of regulations (Japanese, Spanish, German, Italian, and Chinese versions are available and other translations are made as needed). They are required to hand in the customary signed promise to obey rules governing tardiness, fighting, absenteeism, gambling, and the use of profanity, tobacco, alcohol, and narcotics. They must also forswear membership in any illegal secret clubs or associations. Informal orientation sessions are conducted by multi-lingual teachers with the assistance of youthful "old-timers" in the various language groups. Actually, about half know enough English to participate fairly well in the school program, Miss Nicholson says. But some do not know even the English alphabet. According to the level of their ability, they are placed in one of four sections of English for foreign students with a teacher who also provides instruction at

the proper language level in history, geography, and whatever other subject is on the schedule. As soon as possible they are transferred into regular classes.

One of the most important aspects of the program is the International Student Organization. New arrivals automatically become members. At its meetings and at teas, parties, and informal talks, they are welcomed by other foreign students and made to feel less lonely. The old hands offer the new ones encouragement, understanding, sympathy, and the benefit of hard-won experience. For example, a few weeks ago pretty Nancy Murakami of Japan prepared a list of Dos and Don'ts for distribution to girls from foreign countries. Urging "high enough" necklines, skirts that are not "too tight," and a minimum of jewelry and make-up, Nancy explains with charmingly accented firmness: "It is better that we do not make mistakes that might cause embarrassment." U.S. ways often come as something of a shock. "Why, the girls here are considered as good as the boys," marveled a sixteen-year-old boy from the Middle East.

What would be a crisis in another school is accepted as part of the day's routine at Belmont. "Once in a while we get worried," Miss Nicholson admits, "but everything always turns out all right." One of the reasons everything does is that the students are permitted to play an important part in solving whatever problems do come up.

Whenever a communications difficulty arises that one of the multi-lingual teachers cannot cope with, the students are delighted to pitch in, making telephone calls and interpreting regulations to non-English-speaking parents or guardians. (The members of the office staff speak Spanish, but this is of little help when they are

investigating why—for instance—a Chinese boy has been absent for a few days. Or a Czech.) But last year, when nine Hungarian refugees arrived, the whole operation threatened to bog down altogether. None of the staff was prepared to leap that linguistic hurdle—not even Dr. Carlos Morrison-Whitney, who speaks six languages in addition to English and who conducts a course in conversational Japanese. Fortunately, one of the Hungarians spoke a little German, and between him and Dr. Morrison-Whitney the problem was solved. (Young Dr. Morrison-Whitney is outstanding even among the dedicated Belmont staff, for whom school is rarely "out." Two years ago, when the mother of two foreign students had to return home and pleaded that the boys be permitted to finish their schooling, he found a place for them in his own house.)

Self-government is practiced extensively—always, of course, under watchful adult eyes. In general, Mr. Condit says, "the students have shown good sense and fairness." For example, smoking is forbidden by school regulations, but only rarely has the boys' vice-principal been forced to act. The Student Council handles violations, discussing the broken pledge with the offender and sending a letter home. If the offense is repeated, the "case" is referred to Mr. Condit, but he reports that he seldom gets a referral. This is just as well, since he wants to stay out of the matter as much as possible.

The Student Council is a policy-making as well as a merely disciplinary body, and takes seriously its role as guardian of student welfare. Several years ago, after it had received a number of complaints about the cafeteria service and food, the officers chipped in to buy the

Multicolor Belmont High track team has long record of victories





In ceramics class Kazuo Kinjo, from Okinawa, makes bowl under watchful eye of Anthony Scaccia, who studied two years in Mexico

principal a typical student lunch and took it to her office one noon. The strategy worked: the students are now able to buy a complete, healthful meal at modest cost. Last year, the Council invited several city councilmen to the school. After the visit, during which the youngsters made some pertinent suggestions about the parking situation and traffic-light timing, official steps were taken to remedy those matters. Once a week, the full Council meets with student representatives called "tribunes," who relay news to the class and students' wishes to the Council. To make the base as broad as possible, new tribunes are elected each month.

The benefits of integration are by no means a one-way affair. In return for the free education—a continuing cause for marvel among them—the foreign students have contributed much. Though many are of extremely limited means, all enthusiastically practice the democratic principle of sharing. They raise money for the Community Chest and for the projects of the heterogeneous PTA. This year, the International Student Organization "adopted" the Castelar Child Care Center, and is doing an impressive job of playing Santa. They have made many intangible contributions too. The U.S. children at Belmont have gained a great deal from their contact with the responsible and mature attitude of many of the foreigners, their reverence for learning, their values, their ideals. One told Miss Hov that she had "learned to see America for the first time—how wonderful it is, how lucky we are." One of her "teachers" had been a Japanese boy named George, who had given the class a lecture on making the most of one's opportunities. "After the bomb dropped in Hiroshima, my mother and my brother and I had to go out into the fields to gather grasshoppers to eat," he said. "That makes a man stop to think. It makes

you realize how great this chance we are now having is."

The U.S. students have also been given a new appreciation of freedom and a critical appraisal of their faults. Not long ago, when asked to write papers on some of the less-fortunate results of freedom, the foreigners made some pointed comments. "The students don't know how to appreciate the freedom they have," chided Jutta Pilve of Esthonia, "because they have never lived any other way." Susan Lieu, Chinese, said: "One thing I have seen here that makes me think freedom is not always good is because the boy or girl sometimes does not respect their parents or teachers." Jean Claude Demirdjian, reacting like a proper Frenchman, wrote: "One thing I don't like so much is that America has become too much commercial, too much advertising, business. People should be more interest in Art, going to museums." And a student from Latin America commented briefly on a U.S. holiday: "To some Thanks Given is a tradition. But to me is great."

To be sure, Belmont has a number of special problems relating to adjustment to a new country and a new culture. One young Latin American who was repeatedly chided for sporting a mustache and who was finally sent to the boys' vice-principal explained his violation of the rules: "But in my country it shows we are men." It was with the greatest reluctance that he bowed to the fact that such recognition is not considered necessary on U.S. campuses. Then, there are some youngsters from the South who are horrified at being assigned a seat next to a Negro. One boy accepted his teacher's reminder that Negroes are also citizens and taxpayers with a sullen "Well, I won't have nothin' to do with them." Before the end of the year, his grammar and his attitude were equally improved.

And the school has the usual share of such common educational headaches as poor study habits, absenteeism, and hostility. The worst of these, the administrators believe, are caused not by integration but by distressing home situations: poverty, divorce, parental neglect, quarreling, drinking. Like all Los Angeles schools, Belmont has a counseling and guidance program for students; cases too serious to be handled in this way are referred to various public and private agencies.

There is, of course, plenty of comic relief to brighten the process of integration. Not long ago, a Japanese boy presented his social-science class with a beautifully illustrated map of the world—a perfect job, except that it was full of exotic countries like "Gleece" and "Borivia."

And there is plenty of proof that what is good theory is also good practice outside of school. Allen Haynes and his Negro friend Charles Berrard work after school hours as officers in "Brotherhood U.S.A." These two boys, both star football players, both honor students, both school officers, regard integration simply as an exercise in good citizenship. Allen is frank in admitting that his mother was not ecstatic about his practical democracy at first. "But now she says that they're all welcome in our house as long as they act like ladies and gentlemen." He adds proudly, "She feels different now that she has got to know a lot of the kids." ♦



Mannequin shows how Paracas chieftains wore ceremonial mantle over kilt-like skirt and small poncho

RESTORING A PARACAS MANTLE

TED MORELLO

THE ANDES LOOKED DOWN on a Peruvian Indian woman as she took a last stitch, straightened her weary back, and surveyed with satisfaction her finished handiwork—an alpaca cloak richly embroidered in gemlike colors. The time was less than two hundred years after the birth of Christ. The place, 150 miles south of present-day Lima, was the arid peninsular home of the now-vanished people of the Paracas culture.

Browsing in the Museum of Natural History, TED MORELLO of the New York World-Telegram and Sun found the Paracas mantle, then went on to write the story behind it.

Nearly eighteen centuries later another woman reenacted the tableau—and with the identical mantle. But this time it was the skyscrapers of Manhattan that towered above the needleworker. The nameless crafts-woman's modern counterpart is Miss Kathryn Scott, probably the only full-time free-lance conservator of ancient textiles in the United States, who was called in by the American Museum of Natural History in New York to restore the cloak to its former magnificence.

The assignment was a challenge, even to a woman who for a decade had used her near-surgical skill to refurbish and conserve age-old Egyptian, Coptic, and Chinese tex-

tiles. The restored mantle itself, which today occupies a place of honor in the Museum's Hall of South American Indians, is the proof of how well she succeeded.

This textile treasure was unearthed in 1927 by Peruvian archaeologists in the Paracas necropolis, the burial grounds of a culture whose history is known only from the mummies and artifacts exhumed from the graves. The people lived by farming, warred against their neighbors, and were skilled surgeons. Though they used simple stone weapons and tools, they made excellent pottery and even ornaments of hammered gold. But their outstanding art was embroidery. Junius Bird, the Museum's associate curator of archaeology, says that in this field they have "rarely been excelled in any age for imaginative composition and use of color" and that the restored mantle is "one of the best-preserved examples known."

The cloak measures 66 by 121 inches. Its dark-green base fabric, in four panels, is covered with stem-stitched

embroidery except for lateral bars that stand in stark contrast to the rich needlework. The main motif, which Mr. Bird jocularly calls "a geometric double-headed whatsit," consists of two reversed angular scrolls connected by a serrated diagonal bar with an anthropomorphic head attached to each scroll. Space-filling details include birds, cats, cat faces, and mask-like anthropomorphic heads. Except for a twenty-three-inch area in the middle of each end, left blank in accordance with Paracas style, the mantle is fringed all around with twisted multicolor yarns.

Mr. Bird theorizes that the mummy found wrapped in the mantle, which was probably worn on ceremonial occasions over a kilt and poncho, must have been a chief-tain and may even have been a king. His reason is that the squat, pear-shaped mummy bundle was one of the most impressive in size and richest in content of the 439 taken from the necropolis.

Junius Bird of American Museum of Natural History staff inspects ancient mantle while Kathryn Scott proceeds with restoration







Miss Scott vacuum-cleans the fabric through a coarse plastic screen to remove accumulated dust and lint

The cloak was presented to Herbert C. Hoover by Peruvian President Augusto B. Leguía in 1928, when the United States President-elect visited Lima on his pre-inaugural tour of Latin America. Shortly after it arrived in the United States aboard the battleship *Maryland*, Mr. Hoover's cruise ship, it was placed in the custody of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace at Stanford University in California. Recently, when Mr. Bird was consulted about mounting it for more prominent public exhibit, he recommended that it be sent to New York so that he could supervise the delicate task personally.

So well preserved was the specimen that Miss Scott decided it need not be washed. Instead, she removed dust and lint by vacuum-cleaning it with a soft brush through a coarse plastic screen. Stretched out of its original rectilinear shape by centuries in the mummy wrappings, it was softened with towels and steam and "teased" back. During this operation, Mr. Bird discovered that the panel at one end had not been woven as truly as the other three: two of its corners, diagonally opposite, were perfectly square, and the third was nearly so, but the fourth was definitely distorted. The restored mantle, faithful to the original even in its imperfections, is thus noticeably pentagonal rather than rectangular. To lubricate the fiber (brittleness is an eternal enemy of museum-piece textiles), it was next sponged with a little lanolin diluted in perchlorethylene. Finally, the cloak was sewed with invisible stitches onto a beige-colored, eight-ounce cotton backing stretched over a wooden frame. But in four spots the fringe was missing.

The decision to replace it was a major departure from normal museum procedure. Because of the fragility of aged fabrics, museums usually prefer to exhibit a tattered specimen rather than chance a patch-up job that might be unconvincing at best or irreparably damaging at



Steam from iron softens the fibers so that mantle can be eased back into its original rectilinear shape



Test-dyeing yarn in search for pigments to match colors in restoring damaged fringe section

Electric drill is used to roll yarn to replace missing strands



Cats, cat faces, and mask-like heads fill spaces around the main motif



Separate spindles hold olive, rust, and blue strands being looped into replacement fringe on a loom

worst. But Mr. Bird feared that the gaps, caused by careless handling, would be confused with the intentionally unfringed end sections and would leave museum-goers in doubt as to the cloak's original design.

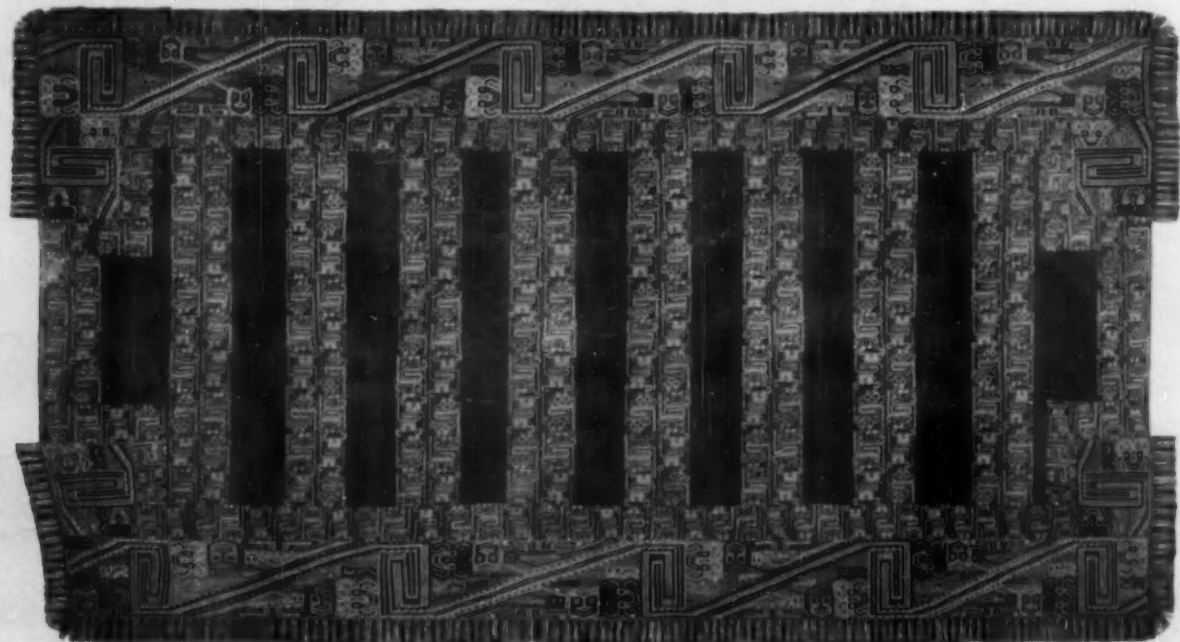
Matching the fringe posed two problems: alpaca yarn of the desired specifications could not be found without a costly search in the Peruvian Andes, and the secrets of the jewel-toned dyes were obscured by nearly two millennia. After weeks of sampling, Miss Scott discovered an excellent substitute for the yarn in a natural shade of mohair thread. As for the dyes, chemists in the New York laboratories of the Allied Chemical & Dye Corporation's National Aniline Division found that they had been derived from natural indigo and from the root of *Relbunium*, a plant called *chapichapi* in Quechua and used for dye-making by Andean Indians until compara-

tively recent times. Undismayed by the fact that the vegetable dyes were unobtainable, the chemists synthesized the four required tints—olive, rust, red, and blue. Some three and a half miles of mohair yarn were test-dyed in the matching process. At last National Aniline produced threads identical in hue and equal in color-fastness to the originals.

At this point Mr. Bird, long an expert on pre-Conquest Peruvian cultures, recalled an ancient and still-surviving method of fringe-twisting: the Indian worker would spit into her hand and, sweeping her palm toward her knee, roll two threads together on her bare thigh. Miss Scott by-passed the indelicacy and the tedium of hand-rolling with an electric drill. When attached to the drill chuck, which was run at low speed, the yarn twisted into fringe strands that reproduced the original exactly. The prepared yarn was then woven into loops on a fringe loom and the pieces were sewed into place along the mantle's edge.

The replacement fringe was mothproofed—although, curiously, not a single moth hole had been found in the unrestored mantle. "A moth would rather starve than eat fabric this old," Mr. Bird said, explaining that the natural oils had been so altered by time that they were no longer palatable to the insects' larvae.

Of the final restoration Mr. Bird was able to say that "more care, thought, and planned preparation were possible in this instance than in any previous mounting of a Paracas textile." To Miss Scott the project represents another triumph in textile conservation, a craft she considers "the next best thing to artistic creation." And to thousands of visitors from all nations it guarantees access to a priceless gift from a dead civilization to this and future generations. ♦



The restored mantle, lent by Hoover Institution, is on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History in New York



JORGE BASADRE

looks at the
Latin American
university

RAÚL NASS

"FREDERICK THE GREAT said there could be no worse punishment for a state than to be governed by philosophers. But the Prussian's cutting gibe at their ignorance of political and social realities could never apply to the Peruvian humanist who serves his country as Minister of Education. In his travels through his own country and the Hemisphere, Dr. Jorge Basadre has watched a psychological revolution spread among the people, who now "demand education as a right, even arrogantly, not as a favor." He considers that the citizens of the Americas have lent their leaders their confidence as a sort of short-term promissory note: "If we do not fulfill our obligation, if we do not repay the loan, the people will find another way—by insurrection."

The Peruvian historian was in Washington for the Inter-American Seminar on Over-all Planning for Education, held in June under the joint auspices of UNESCO and the OAS. This was the fourth in a series that Dr. Basadre himself initiated while he was Director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs (1948-50). He voiced his warning in a discussion with a group of friends after one of the seminar sessions.

Destiny pushed Jorge Basadre into the midst of inter-American problems in his infancy, for he was born in Tacna of Peruvian parents in 1903, during the Chilean

occupation. When he entered the University of San Marcos as a student a fierce patriotism dominated him that quickly mellowed into a broader preoccupation—"a social one," he recalls, "oriented toward nationalism and democracy." That was in 1919, not long after the start of the Russian Revolution, a time when the Mexican Revolution was being consolidated and the Latin American university reform movement was beginning.

He was one of the standard-bearers of university reform in Peru. The movement had arisen at the University of Córdoba, Argentina, in 1918, with a student manifesto demanding participation in university administration, non-compulsory class attendance, academic freedom, and modernization of outmoded teaching methods. In less than ten years students in most South American universities had adhered to the Córdoba Manifesto, and in a little more than two decades its principles were law in several countries. International student reform federations and congresses emphasized the link between general and university education on the one hand and a country's social, political, and economic problems on the other. They also came out against intellectual colonialism and economic imperialism.

As the post-seminar discussion turned to the role of universities and students in this Hemisphere, Dr. Basa-

dre declared: "In Latin America the university must be a research center in all the sciences—anthropology, ethnology, sociology, economics—so that the results can be applied to national problems."

Someone asked Dr. Basadre, who has been associated with the University of San Marcos for forty years, thirty of them as a professor of history, what the fundamental needs of Latin American universities are. "Adequate financial resources, equipment, technical material and personnel, and good administration, which, in Peru at least, is empirical, especially so far as the investment of funds and property management are concerned. For this reason administration must be separated from teaching."

What did he think now of the university autonomy for which his reformist companions clamored in 1919? "There cannot be absolute autonomy," he replied unhesitatingly. "One can ask for independence from political contingencies and freedom of expression for the teachers, to preserve democracy, and independent selection of the professors, but one must not forget that the university is not a state within a state. It is part of the national educational system, and it can only raise the intellectual level of its students if it keeps in touch with the other branches of education through the ministry."

As for the student body, the former Tacna schoolboy noted the appearance of an overwhelmingly significant phenomenon, "proletarianization," which has changed education from a prerogative of the few into a concern of the masses. "When I entered San Marcos," he recalled, "we were only a handful and we all knew each other. Now there are multitudes."

The conversation touched on the traditional role of the Latin American student in politics. Someone remarked that the numerous military pronouncements that have upset constitutional order and retarded aca-



Patio at University of San Marcos in Lima, where Dr. Basadre has been professor of history for thirty years

demic and political education have piled responsibility onto the university minority—the only group able at a given moment to receive and pass on political ideas—and have made it a leader of causes. "The students must concern themselves with the dangers to democracy and freedom in America," Dr. Basadre insisted with the zeal of a reformer. "The students in our movement offered solutions. Those of today must do likewise!"

This fragile man speaks in long uninterrupted sentences. His voice is so gentle that it sometimes dies to a whisper. Occasionally he runs his hand over his broad forehead or thoughtfully chews his right thumb. He expresses himself frankly and without hesitation.

"So much has been written about the reform movement of 1918. What is left of it today?" I asked.

"Among other things, the idea that the universities cannot set themselves apart from contemporary history, for inwardly the students are political individuals whose job it is to make a republic in the image of the people. For this reason the students of 1918 constituted an international moral force, and so do the students of today."

Some of those present smiled when they heard this reference to "moral force," for in forty years of turbulent Latin American history they had been the victims of armed anti-democratic force. But the reformers are indomitable, and with the essential ideas of their manifestos they make up the civilian vertebral column of the Hemisphere. They write, they teach, they assume governmental responsibilities in their own countries, and when violence impedes them they continue their intellectual labor in foreign universities and international organizations.

Dr. Basadre's own career is a good example of this. It adds up to forty years dedicated to the cause of cul-

Students at University of the Andes in Bogotá. "Proletarianization" has made education a concern of the masses



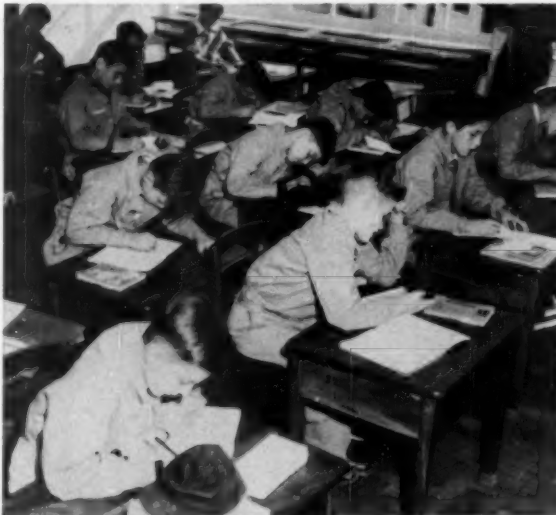
ture. He began as an assistant in the National Library in 1919, when he enrolled at San Marcos. In 1928, as soon as he had won his doctorate in literature, he became professor of the history of Peru. As a historian he fought against nostalgia for the days of Indian or vice-regal rule and concentrated on "a feeling for the future, not the past" and on the vital and permanent role of the people in the historical process. His convictions were put to the test when he traveled to Europe at the invitation of various educational and research institutions and was a witness, from 1932 to 1935, of the desperate days of the rise of Nazism, the slow death of social democracy, and the agony of the Spanish Republic. But he returned to Peru and went back to his professorship when San Marcos was reopened during the democratic interval that followed the dictatorship of Sánchez Cerro. He also gave history courses at the Catholic University and the Military School in Lima and, in 1941-42, in the United States. In 1943 he took on the job of reconstructing the National Library in Lima, which had been destroyed by fire. He established its children's section, the first department of the restored library opened to the public: he had not forgotten the early days when he had had to request special permission to read there because children were not admitted.

He believes that the successive generations of intellectuals have decisive and inescapable responsibility. So in 1945, for the first time, he accepted the post of Minister of Education in a popularly elected government. His administration was difficult and short—it lasted three months.

During the conversation, he insisted on the historical importance of "generations" rather than of individuals. Someone questioned him about this much-debated con-

cept. "The characteristics of a generation," he explained briskly, "are modeled by circumstances reacting on the group as a whole. They determine, just as physical forces determine the weather, the intellectual and social climate of the era and hence individual responsibility."

The overthrow of civilian government in Peru in 1948 initiated an inauspicious period for men like Professor Basadre. He traveled to Washington and served his term as "an active inter-Americanist" as the first Director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs. Among his innovations, besides the education seminars, were the



People now "demand education as a right . . . not as a favor." Shown here, schoolboys in Nova Friburgo, Rio de Janeiro State, Brazil



Chosica Normal School, built with funds from U.S. Point Four program and Peruvian Government

publication of studies on the growth of a middle class in Latin America, guides to museums throughout the Hemisphere, and fundamental Latin American philosophical and literary works. He also initiated the first circulating exhibition of art of the Americas. He resigned in 1950 to return to research, teaching, and writing. He gave a course at the University of Virginia on comparative history of the cultures of Latin America; worked for two years on the nineteenth-century part of a UNESCO series on the history of the development of mankind; and wrote his *Fundamentos de la Historia del Derecho* (Fundamentals of the History of Law).

In 1955 the democratic process came to life again in Peru on the eve of a presidential election. Dr. Basadre returned and resumed his post at San Marcos, teaching the history of Peruvian law as well as of the republic. In 1956 he once more accepted the education portfolio, "in an arduous trance of affirmation of democracy" in the recently inaugurated constitutional government. Overall educational planning, which was the theme of the Washington seminar, and a realistic analysis of teaching



As Minister of Education, Dr. Basadre makes his headquarters in this modern building in Lima

spoke of the future of Latin America.

"We Latin Americans must look at the twentieth century with twentieth, not nineteenth-century eyes, and must unite," the Peruvian historian declared. "We must work toward inter-Latin-Americanism and revive projects like those of the Latin American air and maritime fleets, which you people were thinking about in 1945, and which began with the creation of the Flota Mercante Grancolombiana [Greater Colombian Merchant Fleet]. We must create a common market similar to the one being formed in Europe. Above all, we must carry out intensive exchange of students."

As he disappeared in the night, slightly stooped and walking slowly, I recalled the concluding phrases of the paper on university problems in Peru that he presented at the Columbia University bicentennial conference on "Responsible Freedom in the Americas," which sum up the intellectual constant of his life:

Western culture is in a state of crisis, and this crisis is due in great measure to the fact that the basic principles of this culture have been forgotten or neglected in the pursuit of power or material well-being, or are adrift on the fathomless sea of a nihilistic radicalism. The bases of modern western culture rest upon the concept of man as a free being whose destiny it is to uphold values which transcend his merely temporal state. Man as a fusion of body and conscience, a sentient being who suffers, who has the right to express his longings, to aspire to a life of dignity free of resentments and of fears, to seek out the truth and proclaim it; this is the nucleus of a new humanism, a humanism for the second half of the twentieth century, which shall not only preserve and restore, but transmute the essential values of western culture. And the center of this new humanism should be the university. Its task today, as in the past, is to save the true and enduring achievements of western culture, reflecting, and at the same time stimulating, guiding, and channeling the points of view and serving as a shield against the forces of barbarism which, with the vast material resources at their command, threaten to engulf everything and substitute a philosophy of life based on contempt for human dignity—that is to say, to destroy man as a person and reduce him to the condition of a robot. ●



Literacy program in Mexico has set excellent example for other nations with similar problem

problems in Peru have been the major objectives of his second term as minister.

Whether in Washington, Virginia, or Lima, as professor, international official, or minister of government, Dr. Basadre lives, along with his wife and children, a modest, withdrawn existence, with little social activity and a lot of work. Conversation is perhaps the only distraction he allows himself.

Ours came to an end. He excused himself, since he was to return to Peru the next day. With Luis B. Prieto, former Venezuelan Minister of Education, he chatted a little more about mutual friends—the expatriates, their companions in international organizations and conferences, who are going back into political and intellectual life in their homelands as democracy returns. "An inter-American brotherhood," they said jokingly, "of technicians and thinkers who for years carried on their educational work despite ideological persecution." And they

O'Higgins

SENIOR

ENRIQUE BUNSTER

THE MOST REMARKABLE of all colonial officials in South America was born Ambrose Higgins at Ballinany, Ireland, in 1720. When he died in Lima in 1801, he was Ambrosio O'Higgins, Baron of Vallenar, Marquis of Osorno, field marshal, lieutenant general, and lately Vice-roy of Peru.

His parents, Charles and Margaret Higgins, were "Catholics without mixture of a tainted race." Romantic writers have spread the legend that Ambrose began his career as postillion to the Countess of Bective and later peddled notions in the streets of Lima. Of this there is no proof whatsoever; it is known, on the other hand, that his parents gave him an education that included Greek and mathematics and that in his youth he worked in a bank in Cádiz, Spain, where his family had settled.

In documents of the time, his name appears as Higin, Higgnes, Higgs, Higgis, Hignes, Ignes, Iggins, Igenns, Iggens, Igsegs, Iggnis, Iiggins, Ihiggyns, Egis, Hexis. But no matter what the Spaniards called him, they accepted him as one of themselves. Irishmen, by virtue of being Catholics, were assured of special treatment in the fanatical Spain of that period. An ancient royal decree granted them equal rights with Spaniards in public and military appointments. This was what enabled the Higginses to live in Cádiz, and it explains the ease with which Ambrosio could go to America and begin his extraordinary career in Chile.

He set up in the importing trade, but soon abandoned a business that had earned him nothing but losses and lawsuits, and in 1764 took his first employment under the Crown—draftsman on the fortifications-building project in Valdivia. This city, 435 miles south of Santiago, had been attacked by Dutch corsairs and was also vulnerable to raids by Spain's old enemy, England. Higgins was then forty-four and, according to a contemporary description, was "a man of medium height, thick-set, with a round face, a well-proportioned nose, dark eyes, heavy brows, and high color, whence he was

Since ENRIQUE BUNSTER's recent article on Bernardo O'Higgins (AMERICAS, June 1958) reminded us that the Chilean liberator's father, Ambrosio, was equally colorful, though less celebrated, we asked the same author—a noted Santiago journalist—to write him up.



called 'the Shrimp'; amiable, tactful, and courteous." In this job, which paid him five hundred pesos a year, he was the aide of a compatriot, Juan Garland, the engineer who had designed the fortifications. There is a certain irony in the fact that two Irishmen should be in charge of a Spanish project aimed at repelling the British.

Under the torrential southern rains, Garland and Higgins set to work with five hundred men. They started with a wharf on the bank of the Valdivia River, for unloading materials, and huge kilns for making bricks. Ten years later, at a cost to the Crown of a million dollars, they completed the Corral, Amargos, Niebla, and Chorocamayo forts, capable of paralyzing any squadron that tried to force its way into the mouth of the river. With 128 large-bore cannons and quarters for a garrison of eighteen hundred men, this was the most powerful defense system along the Pacific Coast except that of Callao. It took the genius of another Briton, Admiral Cochrane, to take these fortifications with a small landing force—during the war of independence, in 1820. Restored as historical monuments, these forts are a tourist attraction nowadays and a gallant vestige of the mother country.

At the same time that they were carrying out this project, Garland and Higgins had another grave responsibility in Concepción, 186 miles to the north. The city, Chile's second-largest, had been repeatedly destroyed by



By building series of shelters, with corrals for mules, O'Higgins kept Andean route to Argentina open the year round

important river in the country, it has become the site of the major military port, large textile and ceramics factories, the principal hydroelectric plant, the steel industry, and the country's first newsprint mill.

Recognized by now as an official of exceptional gifts, Ambrosio Higgins was called to Santiago to advise on means of making the Andes passable in the wintertime. During half the year, the "horrible mountain" was so inhospitable that all communication between Chile and neighboring Argentina ceased—an unthinkable state of affairs for two interdependent cities like Santiago and Mendoza. Having crossed the Andes twice himself, Ambrosio knew that the main difficulties were the lack of provisions for men and animals and the absence of shelter from snowstorms. The idea he proposed had the simplicity of genius: the building of cabins along the route so that the journey could be divided into seven or eight stages. To many this seemed childish and extravagant, but the government gave its support and Higgins personally supervised the construction. In order to save money, he used convict labor and required the mountain muleteers to help transport materials. Three shelters were built to start with—at Las Cuevas, La Cumbre, and El Alto de las Lagunas—at a negligible expenditure of four thousand pesos. They were blizzard-proof, of stone and wood flashed with copper, and had corrals for the mules and supplies of firewood, food, and water. The cost of the provisions was met by a four-peso fee collected from every porter and traveler who used the route in the winter. After the opening of this service, in 1766,



Casa de Moneda in Santiago, begun during O'Higgins' term as Captain-General of Chile, took twelve years to complete

tidal waves and by the Araucanian Indians, and Governor Guill y Gonzaga had decided upon nothing less than moving it to a safer location. After inspecting the territory minutely, the two Irishmen recommended a plain stretching along the northern bank of the Bío-Bío River, just a few miles inland from Talcahuano Bay. Guill y Gonzaga thereupon decreed that "all the inhabitants of this ruined city, ecclesiastical and lay, move and go to the Rozas Valley, some to the houses they have there and the others to build on sites assigned to them. . . ." The thousands of residents were given four months in which to move, after which their old dwellings were razed by fire. The new Concepción has been overtaken by Valparaíso and today is the third city of Chile, but its future looks rosy; with coal mines near by and the most

Santiago was never again cut off from communication with Mendoza and Buenos Aires, and trans-Andean trade was powerfully stimulated.

Conscious of his own merits, Higgins sailed to Spain to assert them at Court. In *Descripción del Reino de Chile*, written in Madrid, he set forth his bold plans. He wanted to draw the American colonies out of their isolation and open them to world trade. He thought of colonizing faraway Tierra del Fuego before any of his contemporaries. Flying even further, his imagination alighted on the South Sea Islands.

As usual with those who are ahead of their time, he was not listened to; but upon his return to Chile he began to rise steadily. Here is his progress in outline:

1769: Is promoted to reviewing officer and captain of dragoons; defeats the Pehuenche Indians in a battle in the Arauco range.

1773: Is promoted to lieutenant colonel and commandant of cavalry in Concepción; fortifies the white settlements in Araucanian territory and persuades the Indian chiefs to go to Santiago as peace emissaries.

1776: Is promoted to full colonel and appointed governor of Concepción; pacifies the Indian tribes and reorganizes and drills the army of the South.

1782: Is promoted to brigadier general; holds a peace parliament at Lonquillo with five thousand Araucanians.

1786: Is named intendant of Concepción Province.

1787 (October 27): Is appointed Captain-General of Chile, President of the Audiencia, Superintendent of the Royal Treasury, and Intendant of Santiago. In twenty-three years he had attained the highest office he could aspire to in Chile.

It was then that he is believed to have seen his son Bernardo for the first and only time. At Talca, where the nine-year-old boy was being privately educated, Higgins stopped off for an overnight visit before going on to Santiago to take up his post.

At an age when the average man is ready for rest, he was entering upon the most intense and brilliant activity of his life. He was sixty-seven and still a bachelor; not even Isabel Riquelme, the mother of his son, could tempt

Smart set of eighteenth-century Concepción. City, often raided and flooded, was moved to location chosen by O'Higgins and compatriot



him into matrimony. The government of this old man, broken in health, is outstanding in the country's history for its iron authority, dynamism, and creative vigor.

It would take pages and pages to detail all the accomplishments of his government. He began by declining the honors and ceremonies with which the inhabitants of Santiago wished to receive him, and set to work at once against the disorder and filth of the dirtiest city in America. A sanitation police force was created. Pigs and goats were stopped from wandering loose on the public streets. The clothing of dead tuberculosis victims was ordered burned. Laundering in the ditches that ran along the streets was forbidden. Begging and vagrancy were outlawed. A ten-o'clock curfew was fixed for rich and poor alike. Gambling was prohibited. Deserting husbands were forced to live with their wives. The burial of the dead in churches was forbidden. Tax-evaders were prosecuted. Blasphemy and the singing of obscene songs became serious crimes. But equally unacceptable was religious fanaticism: flagellation and other absurd penances in street processions were not tolerated.

Escorted by a party of civil engineers, he went on a six-month inspection tour of the provinces, covering hundreds of leagues on horseback and enduring the heat of the North and the rains of the Aconcagua Valley. He visited thirty cities and towns, from Copiapó to Valparaíso, and, like Don Quixote, righted wrongs wherever



Direct road between Santiago, the capital, and Valparaíso, the chief port, was O'Higgins' proudest accomplishment

he went. He planned drainage and street-paving projects, supplied jails with running water, started funds for the establishment of schools, put a halt to the exploitation of farm labor by landholders, promoted the planting of hemp, cotton, and sugar cane.

On his return, he began his campaign against the time-honored institution of the *encomienda*. Under this iniquitous form of servitude, rural Indians were attached to the land and were bought, sold, and rented with it. Ignoring the protests and threats of the *encomenderos*, the Captain-General issued an edict that abolished the disgraceful practice without delay. Despite powerful influence brought to bear in Spain, the King supported Higgins, and by a decree of April 3, 1791, the enco-

mienda was ended forever. This was the most effective and intelligent step so far toward pacifying the Indians.

As another consequence of his inspection tour, he planned the founding of five towns to extend civilization and trade in the desolate North. This visionary scheme also aroused opposition, as being onerous and unnecessary. But Higgins carried it forward against all criticism, giving away lands, building access roads, and even forcing people to migrate. So the settlers went, and with them went agriculture, industry, and mining. The villages thus established are today the cities of Illapel, Vallenar, Combarbalá, La Ligua, and Los Andes.

Higgins took a lively interest in public works, beginning with the reconstruction of the Mapocho dike in Santiago. Every winter this river overflowed its banks and flooded the central district, so that as soon as the rains came, the residents of the southern part of town



La Niebla, one of Valdivia forts built by O'Higgins and Juan Garland. Restored, fortifications are popular tourist attraction

bade goodbye to the northerners "until spring." By taxing sugar and maté, Higgins obtained funds to create a truly Roman engineering work: a mile-long levee of brick masonry with foundations thirteen feet deep, eleven and a half feet thick, and six and a half feet high. Besides holding back the river, this colossal wall served as a public promenade, with access staircases and terraces that afforded a view of the city and its environs. It stood until 1931, when it was demolished and replaced by a wide canal of stone and cement.

The most beautiful example of Chilean colonial architecture, the Casa de Moneda or Mint, began to rise in the center of the capital in 1793. This miniature Kremlin, three stories high and occupying a city block, was not completed until twelve years later. Today the seat of the Presidency and of the Interior and Foreign Affairs ministries, it is open at front and back and is freely traversed by pedestrians without police vigilance.

In accordance with his belief that roads were the arteries of the body politic, Higgins carried out the gigantic project of widening the road to Argentina through the Uspallata Pass. Until then the mountains

could be crossed only by an awesome trail along which mules had to pick their way in Indian file at the very edge of icy precipices. At a cost of ten thousand dollars, Ambrosio had a thirteen-foot roadway carved out of a hundred miles of rock and installed five new shelters. In 1791 wagons and passenger carriages began to use it. Now Cape Horn was no longer the only way to Buenos Aires!

But Higgins' most famous accomplishment, the one of which he was proudest, was the road between Santiago and Valparaíso. The old, circuitous road made it a matter of many days and nights to get from the capital to the country's most important port. Higgins' engineers planned a daring route that would cut straight through the coast range, leaping over three peaks and two broad valleys for a total length of 112 miles. Financing this work with taxes and tolls was a simple task compared



One of O'Higgins' Andean shelters, known jocularly as "Hotel Colón," is still in use at Uspallata Pass

to the battle he had to wage against the blindness and selfishness of the local landowners. One carried his stupidity to the point of writing to the King to complain of the damage his property would suffer. But to no avail—Higgins enjoyed royal favor.

Spending the night in huts and traversing the route on horseback, the tireless veteran personally supervised the army of peons working simultaneously from the two cities. On one occasion he was accompanied by the Bishop of Santiago and thirty prominent citizens. When the majestic highway was put in service, in 1795, it seemed that Higgins had reached the pinnacle of glory. In his last years as governor of Chile he carried out many creative triumphs—rebuilding the towns of Tucapel, Cañete, Imperial, and Osorno, which had been destroyed by Indians; founding Linares, Nueva Bilbao, San José de Maipo, Reina Luisa, Coelemu, and San José de Alcudia; introducing trade with the Indians to pacify them and teach them the habit of work—but the Valparaíso road, his masterwork, left them all in the shade.

Promotion and honor descended on him like hail. In less than three years he was given the rank of field



Mapocho dike held river back from downtown Santiago, also provided citizens with favorite promenade. It was torn down in 1931

marshal and lieutenant general, with the title Baron of Vallenar (a Spanish version of the name of his birthplace, Ballinacorney). It was then that, from being an obscure "Higgins," he took to calling and signing himself "O'Higgins," adopting the honorific prefix on the basis of some dubious noble ancestor that he had had a genealogist find for him in Ireland. He had reached his seventy-fifth year, and his thirtieth in the service of the Crown, when he was appointed Viceroy of Peru in September 1795. Shortly afterward he was granted the title Marquis of Osorno. He could go no higher in Spanish America.

His farewells in Santiago lasted a whole month, and the opulent Peruvian capital received him with elaborate homage. But O'Higgins was no longer impressed by pomp or acclaim; on the other hand, he knew how hard was the task he faced, and even before making his official entrance into Lima he had dictated his first two decrees.

Fourteen hundred luxurious coaches trundled through the Lima streets, but there were only six wagons to pick up garbage. African slaves had introduced mange, syphilis, and leprosy. Out of an urban population of fifty-three thousand, hardly seventeen thousand were white. Idleness, sensuality, gambling, smuggling, prostitution, and religious obscurantism were rife. Almost half the days of the year were devoted to church festivals, but this had not preserved the Lima clergy from a corruption that scandalized European visitors. Unrest was widespread, and the overthrow of Spanish rule was in sight.

From his gold-satin-panelled office in the viceregal palace, the sickly old man again took up the furious activity for which he was famous. Attempting to cleanse the local customs, he issued an "edict of good government," directed against—among other things—gambling, foul language, unseemly dress, horse races in the city streets, and transvestitism. Smuggling was put down by means of a prohibition against any contact with English whalers, including the giving of aid: "Those who are apprehended and convicted of this crime will be hanged on the beach on which the smuggling was committed." A fresh outbreak of war between Spain and England

obliged O'Higgins to prepare his realm for defense against possible naval attack. He had to recruit a militia, re-equip Callao, and send money and stores to unarmed Chile. Since the Peruvian navy consisted of one lone vessel, he granted letters of marque against British shipping, and ten frigates and whaling brigs were taken.

But the primary desire of O'Higgins' government was to give Lima a highway that would bring it nearer to the port of Callao. What was a rough track running through swampland must become a handsome avenue, "the sight of which would recall the fact that Lima was the greatest city founded by Spaniards in the New World." Because of the military emergency, many of the Viceroy's projects never went further than the paper stage, but the superb Callao thoroughfare was finished in time for the half-blind octogenarian to travel over it in his coach. About seven miles long, it had a stone-paved double roadway 144 feet wide, with pedestrian walks, four rows of shade trees, and five ornamental plazas. When it was opened, on January 6, 1799, crowds lined the route to hail the governor as if with a farewell ovation.

But he lived on for another two years—long enough to become the object of a shameful injustice. In June 1800 the King, learning of his son Bernardo's participation in General Francisco Miranda's revolutionary cabal in London, ordered him dismissed.

While awaiting the arrival of his successor, the imperturbable O'Higgins went on with his work. He was afflicted with a head ulcer, and one day he suffered a hemorrhage that everyone thought would be fatal. Miraculously he rallied, and for forty days he lay between life and death. Then, feeling a little better, he sat up in bed to sign some urgent dispatches and to dictate a will in which he freed his slaves and bequeathed to Bernardo the estate of Las Canteras, in southern Chile.

He died the next day, March 18, 1801, and was buried in the Church of San Pedro. ♦

Casa de Moneda today. Handsome colonial building now houses executive offices and two ministries





Rebuilt by the Government of the Dominican Republic, Castle of Diego Columbus overlooks Ciudad Trujillo harbor on Ozama River

Castle of Columbus

DOMINICAN HOME OF THE DISCOVERER'S SON

MARIAN H. HULL

A HUNDRED YEARS before the Jamestown settlers built their crude mud-plastered huts, Diego Columbus, son of the Discoverer, was living in a castle in what is today the capital of the Dominican Republic. Late last year the government completed a million-dollar restoration of his elaborate fortress-palace, which is now open to the public. To step through the arched colonnade into the spacious rooms of the Alcázar, as it is known, is to

MARIAN H. HULL recently returned from the Dominican Republic with her husband, Tyler, who made a sixteen-millimeter movie about the Alcázar.

reach back in time to the swashbuckling era of Spanish conquest in the New World.

The Alcázar was built in what was then the chief city of America, the center of Spanish colonization. Ciudad Trujillo—the oldest permanent settlement of white men in the New World—was founded as La Nueva Isabela by Bartholomew Columbus four years after his brother had discovered the island of Hispaniola on his first voyage. Laid waste by a hurricane and a plague of ants in 1502, it was moved from the east to the west bank of the Ozama River and rebaptized Santo Domingo de Guzmán.

Its present name was adopted in 1936.

Diego, who became governor of the island in 1509, made his headquarters there. When, shortly afterward, he was promoted to viceroy, he decided to build a palace befitting his noble wife, María de Toledo, a grandniece of King Ferdinand. At the same time, he took precautions to make it a stronghold against enemies. The construction of the solid, hewn-stone castle began in 1510 and was not completed until four years later. The handsome galleries behind the two-story rows of columns at front and back gave it the look of a pleasure dome, but the astute Spanish Treasurer, Miguel de Pasamonte, an enemy of the Columbus family, was not taken in. He denounced it to the Court as a private citadel, and it took all the sophistry of Father Bartolomé de Las Casas, who called it merely "a defensible structure with more than ample fenestration," to win royal approval.

The design is derived from medieval fortresses, but the details are clearly Renaissance in character, reflecting, with some original treatment, the conflict of architectural influences in the Spain of that time. The closest thing to it in the mother country, the Saldañuela Palace in Burgos, apparently went up later. Diego Columbus' castle almost certainly inspired the one built for Hernán Cortés in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

The Alcázar immediately won admirers. One was Gonzalo Fernández de Oviedo, who mentioned it in his *Sumario de la Natural Historia de las Indias*, published in Toledo in 1526. His description of it follows (quoted in the first English translation, by Richard Eden, London, 1555):

The chymineis that are in this citie, are abowt syxe hundreth in number, and such houses as I haue spoken of before: Of the which sum are so fayre and large that they maye well receaue and lodge any lorde or noble manne of Spayne with his trayne and



Sculptor Félix Alonso González (right) explains building detail to work supervisor Manuel de León

famelie. And especially that which Don Diego Colon viceroy vnder your maiestie hath in this citie, is suche that I knowe no man in Spayne that hath the lyke by a quarter in goodnesse consyderynge all the commodities of the same. Lykewyse the situation thereof, as beinge aboue the sayde porte and altogither of stone and hauynge many faire and large roomes with as goodly a prospect of the lande and sea as may be deuysed, seemeth vnto me so magnificall and princelyke that yowr maiestie maye bee as well lodged therein as in any of the mooste exquisite builded houses of Spayne.

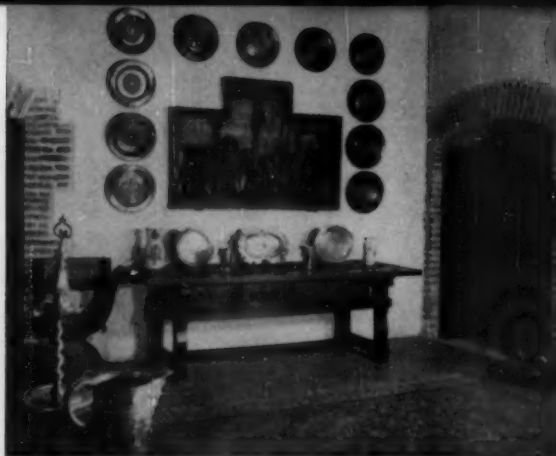
But Diego had little time to spend in his palace. While María presided over his court there, he repeatedly re-



View of the Castle ruins in the twenties. In the next decade the grounds were cleaned up and made into gardens before reconstruction began



Castle's eastern façade, facing river, after reconstruction. Double tier of columns was an innovation in Spanish colonial architecture



Beautiful furnishings were brought from Spain to make the Castle a museum of riches of the empire



Main salon on second floor has model of Columbus' caravel. Seat in background, carved with scenes of martyrdom of Saint Peter, dates from fifteenth century



Altar in prayer room used by Doña María de Toledo

Gallery above main entrance on west looks toward the city. This façade has one less column than the eastern side





Study displays painting of Great Admiral and son Diego by Pellicer and rich sixteenth-century tapestries

turned to Spain to defend himself in prolonged litigation against charges of abuse of office.

The neglect of centuries took its toll of the building, and though the sturdy walls survived reasonably intact, in 1779 the roof collapsed. Thereafter grass grew in the open interior, and workmen living in huts near by kept their horses and cattle there. The idea of repairing and conserving the historic structure was voiced even before the roof fell in, and, some years before the actual restoration started, the area around it was cleaned up and made into a park.

After extensive studies in the royal archives to insure a faithful reproduction, the Spanish architect Javier Barroso y Sánchez-Guerra undertook the job of repairing the exterior and rebuilding the interior. A team of expert stonecutters came from Burgos, and rock was cut from the same quarries that had supplied the original stones. There is a vestibule at the entrance, but the rooms lead directly into one another in the style of the period, with no connecting corridors. At the rear of the building is a small formal garden with flagstone walks and a stone well.

Bedrooms, salons, and a kitchen are fitted out with antiques, offering the visitor a museum of Spanish treasures of that period. From Spain came rare primitive wood carvings in vivid colors and Gothic and Renaissance tapestries, some from the family of the Dukes of Veragua, direct descendants of Columbus. There are rich carpets, carved Gothic and inlaid Moorish furniture, and a matchless collection of Dutch and Spanish sculpture of the thirteenth through the sixteenth centuries. It would be difficult to round up another such display of sixteenth-century silver, and the ceramics and embroidery would do credit to any European museum.

Appropriately, the Alcázar was officially opened last year on Columbus Day. ♦



Kitchen is furnished with equipment from colonial days



Illuminated Bible, silver candlesticks in family chapel



THE STONE AND THE CROSS

a short story by **CIRO ALEGRÍA** | illustrated by **LAJOS SZALAY**

THE TREES were shrinking as the ascent steepened. The road began to wind through thorny cactus, stunted bushes, and craggy rocks. The two horses were snorting, their riders silent. Any stone that rolled from the road skipped down the hillside, sometimes carrying others along with it. They were like grains of sand dropping on the immensity of the Andes.

Suddenly there were no more bushes or cactus. Jagged rock formations, dull blue and leaden, stretched upward like ramps; black stones formed gigantic staircases; rugged peaks spiked the taut sky; scattered boulders looked like huts from a distance; massive rock piles fenced in the infinite. Where there was soil, the wild straw called *ichu* grew stubbornly, and the dazzling sunlight was caught in its yellowish-gray color.

The breath of both horses and riders hung on the air in fleeting white cloudlets. Despite their thick wool clothing and heavy vicuña ponchos, the riders felt gooseflesh rising. The one in front turned and spoke as he reined in his horse: "Won't you get sick from the altitude, boy?"

The other replied: "I don't think so. I've climbed Manancancho with my father."

The questioner then turned his attention to the road, which still struggled upward, and spurred his horse on. He was an old, impassive-looking Indian. Under the rush hat that shadowed his seamed face, his eyes gleamed like two black diamonds encrusted in stone. The second rider was a white boy, about ten years old, still inexperienced at making long trips through the Andean heights—the reason for his father's sending the Indian along as guide. To reach the village school where the boy was to enroll, they had to travel a route that became more and more lonely and perpendicular.

The lad was white because his skin was, but he knew full well that drops of Indian blood flowed in his mother's veins. Nevertheless, he was considered white because of his color and also because he belonged to the landed gentry, masters of the Indian people for more than four centuries.

The boy rode behind the Indian, heedless of the service being done for him. He was completely accustomed to having Indians serve him. For a few minutes he was lost in thought, recalling his home and episodes from his short life. To be sure, with his father he had climbed Manancancho, a hill on the plantation that had interested him because its summit was occasionally snow-capped. But the mountains they were scaling now were obviously higher, and he just might get sick from the altitude when they reached the frozen heights. And where would the famous cross be?

Skirting a hill, they met up with some muleteers leading a drove of work-worn animals almost hidden by tremendous loads. The packs smelled of coca and were covered by the same blankets that the muleteers would use when they stopped for the night. The bright-colored wool contrasted jubilantly with the gray monotony of

rocks and straw.

The guide and the boy threaded their way through the slow-moving drove. On one of the mules, tucked between the packs, was a large bluish stone, beautiful and almost shiny.

"A devotional stone," the guide remarked.

The two rode as fast as the abrupt trail allowed and, going uphill all the way, left the muleteers far behind. From time to time they heard snatches of their commands: "Uuuuuuu! . . . Aaaaaaa!" The cries echoed, until it sounded as if there were several drives among the boulders. But the immensity was soon quiet again. Occasionally the wind whistled through the straw. When it let up, the silence of the rocks deepened.

Below, the muleteers and their drove were growing smaller, until they looked like a line of industrious ants. The shadow of a big gloomy cloud crept over the slopes, making the straw seem darker. It surged over the rough landscape like a wave from the atmosphere.

The two riders took a road that angled along the side of a gorge. The rock had been blasted and dug out with picks. The horses looked around alertly and breathed harder. The boy had no way of telling how long it took them to cross the open gash, along the very edge of the abyss. Perhaps twenty minutes, perhaps an hour. Finally the road, curving through a sort of door, opened onto a flat space. The old man muttered: "This is it."

It was the Andean plateau. In the cold and desolate wasteland the wild straw was stunted. Beyond, other crests pushed skyward. The wind blew steadily across the barrenness, raking the straw, howling. Several paths, trampled into the hard earth, branched through the *ichu*. Bluish and reddish stones stood out like huge warts.

Middle-sized stones were scarce; those that were small enough to be carried easily, even more so. The Indian suddenly dismounted and walked straight to one he had spotted.

"Shall I get you one, boy?" he asked.

"No," the lad replied.

Nonetheless, the old man looked around for another stone and came back with two. They filled his big hands. Soberly, looking askance at the boy, he put them in the saddlebags, one in each side. Then he mounted and said: "You have to take the stones from here. Further on there aren't—"

The boy interrupted, somewhat disdainfully: "That muleteer who was bringing a stone is too idiotic. To carry a stone from so far away!"

"He must have promised, boy. Look at the cross."

The old man pointed to a spot in the mountains. Despite his excellent vision, the boy could not make it out, but he knew that the Indian, though very old, had sharper eyes. It must be there.

The devout man was referring to the great Cruz del Alto, known throughout the region as a place for miracles and worship. It stood where the route passed over the highest range. It was customary for everyone who traveled that way to leave a stone at the base of the cross.

The boy was also carrying something related to the cross, but in his heart rather than in his hand. As he

Over the past twenty years, CIRO ALEGRIA, prize-winning Peruvian novelist and short-story writer, has acquired a Hemisphere-wide reputation. LAJOS SZALAY, Hungarian-born artist who is now an Argentine citizen, exhibited last month at the Pan American Union.

was leaving home, his father had said to him: "Don't put a stone at the cross. That's for Indians and half-breeds, ignorant people."

He recalled the exact words.

The boy knew that his father did not believe because he was a rationalist, something he did not understand. His mother did believe. She wore a small gold cross around her neck and lighted a votive lamp before a niche that held the statue of Our Lady of Sorrows. He was thinking that, if he had had time to ask his mother about it, she might have told him to leave a stone at the cross. As he was mulling this over, the Indian spoke and dared to advise him: "Placing the stone is an act of devotion, *patroncito*. Everyone who passes there has to leave his stone."

"Even the *patrones*?"

"The *patrones* too. It is an act of devotion."

"I don't believe you. What about my father?"

"I have never passed the Cruz del Alto with him, but I would swear he did."

"That's not true. He says it's for ignorant people."

"May the Holy Cross forgive the *patrón*."

"A stone is a stone."

"Don't say that, *patroncito*. Take Dr. Rivas, the village judge, educated as he is, a widely read man. I saw him put his stone there. He even cried."

The wind blew stronger and cut off conversation. It caught their ponchos and lashed their faces. The boy, Andean though he was, began to feel really cold. Ponds of icy water reflected the dispirited figures of horses and riders. Manes and ponchos were flapping in the wind like flags. When it slackened, the old man spoke again: "Place your stone, *patroncito*. Things go badly for people who don't. I don't want anything bad to happen to you, *patroncito*."

The boy did not answer. He knew the old Indian well, since he lived near the main house, in a hut as ancient as its occupant. The man usually called him "boy," a privilege acquired with advanced years, but when he wanted a favor he automatically reverted to "*patroncito*." "*Patroncito*, your father offered to give me a machete,

and he has forgotten. Remind him, *patroncito*." Now he came out again with the "*patroncito*." "Listen to me, *patroncito*. Long years ago a fellow from the coast named Montuja or something like that came this way. This Montuja didn't want to leave a stone, and he laughed. He laughed. And anyone will tell you that beside these very ponds, so the story goes, he was struck by lightning and killed on the spot."

"Ah—"

"It's true, *patroncito*. And the lightning bolt was clearly meant for him. He was traveling with three other men, who had left stones at the cross, and only Montuja was killed."

"It may have been chance. Nothing has ever happened to my father, as you know."

The old man thought a while, then said: "May the Holy Cross pardon the *patrón*, but you, *patroncito*—"

The boy, thinking he should not discuss the matter further with the Indian, interrupted: "Be still."

The old man fell silent.

Gale-force or gentle, the wind did not cease. Its persistence was like an icy bath. The boy's hands were stiff with cold and his legs felt numb. This could also have been from weariness and the altitude. Perhaps his blood was not circulating properly. There was a slight buzzing in his ears. Making a quick decision, he dismounted, calling to the guide: "Lead my horse. Keep going!"

Silently, they set out again, the guide and the horses in front. The boy gathered the poncho around him. His toes felt as if they were frozen solid, and his legs almost refused to go where he wanted them to. He could hardly breathe, could not get enough of the rarefied air, and his heart pounded. After ten minutes' walking, he had grown very tired, but he kept on stubbornly. He had heard his father say that in the Andes it is sometimes necessary to travel at ten, twelve, fourteen thousand feet above sea level. He did not know the altitude where they were, but it was undoubtedly quite high. His father had told him what to do in high places, and he was doing it. Walking was becoming difficult. Even on level ground it was exhausting. The altitude was stealing the air. Yet



the wind had burned his face. It felt fiery to his touch. A salty taste rose in his mouth. His lips were cracked and bloody. His fingers had turned red. He recalled how his mother had doctored him, and he was choked with longing. Tears came to his eyes. He wiped them away hastily, so that the Indian who was foolishly carrying two stones would not notice. Fortunately, his feet were warming up and his legs felt less stiff.

Actually, the Indian went on observing in his own way—that is, by pretending not to. Secure in his knowledge of the region and his native vigor, he felt a certain admiration for that small white boy, who was standing up rather well in his first encounter with high altitude. But all the same he was disquieted, even frightened, by the boy's irreverence; it was something he wanted to consider genuinely white, or, in other words, malignant.

No Indian could ever say such things. But he lacked the words to make him understand, and, after all, he had been ordered to keep quiet.

The boy, feeling better—even his hands had warmed up—shouted: "Hey! I'm going to ride again!"

The old man brought his horse and said: "Wait."

He dismounted, taking from one of his pockets a brown-paper package. It contained grease, the kind used to treat leather. As he smeared it on the boy's face, he said: "It's good for the burn you get in the highland. You have to be tanned like me, boy. The highland will probably make you half Indian."

The grease smelled bad, and the Indian applied it as he would have to a hide. Without dropping his arrogant attitude, the boy smiled, though not broadly, because it hurt his chapped lips too much.

Straight ahead, he saw the cross, proudly erect, in a hollow between crests, stretching its arms into space under an immense sky.

Soon they came to the cordillera. The rocks that formed it were brown and blue, and there was not even any straw among them. The path climbed between the boulders. It was virtually clear of all portable stones.

The boy returned to the debate: "When did the people start bringing stones as an act of devotion?"

"Too long ago for anyone to remember. My father told of it, and my father's father too."

"It's all right to put lamps and candles before images and crosses. But stones!"

"It's all the same, *patroncito*. Stones are not to be scoffed at. What would become of the world without stones? It would collapse. Stones support the earth."

"That's something else. But my father says that Indians, ignoramuses that they are, even worship stones. There are stone mounds that are believed to be gods, and they take them offerings of coca and *chicha*. Huara is one, isn't it?"

"That's right, *patroncito*. It's a stone mound. But why won't you place a stone at the cross? The cross is the cross."

Both fell silent. Neither the old man nor the boy knew of the countless mythical stones in their background, but the discussion somehow troubled them. Beyond the reasons that were given, there were others

that they could not call to mind or express in words. The old man pitied the boy because he thought of him as a mutilated creature, reluctant to be a part of the profound alliance with earth and stone, with the obscure springs of life. He was like a tree without roots, or one that might live with its roots in the air. To be white, after all, was sad in a way.

For his part, the boy might have wanted to explode the old man's belief, but perhaps he sensed that the word ignorance had little meaning—none, in the final analysis—compared to faith. Obviously, the old man had his own explanation of things, or if he did not, it made no difference to him. Incapable of probing these ideas, he accepted them as facts that might be explained later.

The road plunged through a gorge. On the other side, at a sharp curve between two peaks, they came upon the revered Cruz del Alto.

Some fifty paces from the side of the road, the thick, time-blackened timbers reached upward. The square base was completely covered with stones piled there by worshippers. They spilled out on all sides, with the cross in the center, forming a circle perhaps two hundred yards around.

The Indian dismounted; the white boy did too, to get a better look at what was happening. The old man laid the saddlebags on the ground and took one of the stones, leaving the other in full view of the boy. He made his way to the circle of stones. Removing his hat and bowing his head, he placed his stone with the rest. Then he looked up at the cross. His lips did not move, but he seemed to be praying. Perhaps he was asking for something. A quiet fervor showed in his eyes. Beneath the disheveled white hair, the nobility bestowed by unswerving faith was reflected in the melancholy, wrinkled face. There was in his whole bearing something at once touching and dignified.

So as not to disturb him, the boy withdrew a little. Climbing to a small rise about halfway up the peak, he could look out on more mountains than he had ever seen, all around him.

On the horizon, the clouds formed a snow-white frame for the blue and black peaks, sharpening their outlines somewhat. Closer by, the crests took on different hues—purple, mauve, black, yellow—depending on their shape, height, and nearness. Some rose from the banks of rivers that undulated across the landscape like gray snakes. Colored by trees and huts below, the hills gradually cleansed themselves of soil. Finally, if they were not snow-capped, the rock burst forth in dramatic splendor. The stone sounded its heroic clamor of abysses, summits, cliffs, crests, rock piles, boulders—in an unending succession whose grandeur added to an impression of eternity. That world of stone was represented symbolically at the foot of the cross, in the offerings of thousands and thousands of men from the world of stone who had been bringing them there for more years than anyone could count.

The white boy approached the saddlebags quietly, took the stone, and went forth to make his offering. ♦

A science program for the OAS

THEO R. CREVENNA

TO PUT SCIENCE at the service of the Western Hemisphere nations that need it most is one of the biggest jobs the OAS has faced in many a day. Not only are the funds at its disposal for such an ambitious undertaking extremely modest; there is also the grim fact that the member countries that stand to benefit the most lag the farthest behind scientifically.

What could the OAS as an international organization properly do to bring them up to date? To map a long-term program it turned to the scientists themselves for advice.

Two years ago, when the Inter-American Cultural Council met in Lima, Peru, it instructed the secretariat to call a meeting of scientific experts to re-examine the role of the OAS in their field. On the basis of a questionnaire sent by the PAU Cultural Affairs Department to a hundred eminent scientists throughout the Hemisphere, an agenda was drawn up for a meeting in Washington in June of this year. Invitations were extended by the Secretary General to top professionals to participate—in a purely private capacity—as members of the OAS Advisory Committee on Science Development. Efforts were made to cover all the basic sciences—physics, chemistry, geophysics, soil sciences, mathematics, medical research, biology, geography, and so on.

The National Academy of Sciences of the United States lent its aid and authority by offering its Washington headquarters for the four-day meeting and contributing five thousand dollars toward expenses. The Academy, established a century ago during President Lincoln's ad-

ministration as a private advisory body, has granted many fellowships for scientific study in the United States, but mostly to Europeans.

Almost immediately after the meeting opened, the OAS Advisory Committee on Science Development decided realistically to limit its analysis to the status of science teaching and research in Latin America, the area of the greatest need. Despite appalling deficiencies (a high illiteracy rate is one of the more discouraging factors), the picture was not altogether gloomy.

The Committee found that Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, and Mexico have National Research Councils with funds for scientific programs, scholarships, grants, and awards. These countries can also afford what is a luxury in many other places: full-time teachers. Science books in Spanish and Portuguese are issuing from the major publishing centers in Latin America: again Argentina, Brazil, Mexico.

The discussions revealed that a number of institutions are well qualified to make a signal contribution to a Hemisphere-wide scientific drive. The Technological Institute of Aeronautics of Brazil has already contracted with private U.S. aviation companies to carry out research on adapting helicopters and other short-range aircraft to unusual terrain. The Brazilian Institute of Biophysics and the Mexican Institute of Cardiology were mentioned as leading research centers that could undertake similar research under contract.

The fact that a rising number of young Latin Americans nowadays are choosing careers in science in preference to the more traditional fields of law and medicine indicates a favorable climate for training. Nor did the Advisory Committee overlook the impact of visiting pro-

As Deputy Director of the PAU Cultural Affairs Department, THEO R. CREVENNA attended the meetings he describes here.



OAS Advisory Committee on Science Development meets in Washington at National Academy of Sciences. Clockwise from foreground: Cinna Lomnitz, Chilean geophysicist (light suit, back to camera); Carlos Graef Fernández, Mexican physicist; Humberto Fernández Morán, Venezuelan biologist; Ralph Cleland, U.S. biologist; Ignacio Chávez, Mexican physician (hidden); Carlos Chagas, Brazilian biologist; Josué Gollán, Argentine chemist; the author; Rafael Picó, Puerto Rican geographer, chairman; André C. Simonpietri for National Academy of Sciences; Juan Gómez Millas, rector of University of Chile; Merle Tuve, U.S. geophysicist; S. S. Steinberg, U.S. engineer; Luis Santaló, Argentine mathematician; Federico Rutllant, Chilean astronomer; Walter S. Hill, Uruguayan physicist; Enrique Pérez Arbeláez, Colombian botanist; Óscar Martín Montecinos, Chilean mathematician. Missing are Lloyd V. Berkner, U.S. physicist and president of International Council of Scientific Unions; C. M. G. Lattes, Brazilian physicist; and eighteen observers from scientific and international organizations.

fessors and the cumulative effect of a person who has been trained outside his own country. The director of the Mexican Cardiology Institute, for example, has sent two of his students to the United States on fellowships to specialize in chemical research related to cardiology. Upon their return they will be assigned to a research project studying unknown causes of heart disease. The visiting professorships for two- or three-month refresher courses have given both students and professors an opportunity to keep in step with the latest developments.

Offsetting these brighter aspects, the Committee uncovered some bitter truths. It found preparation on the secondary level so inadequate that considerable time and resources are wasted in repeating subject matter at the university level. Preparation appeared to be especially weak in physics, chemistry, and mathematics—in that order. First-year science students at Chilean and Colombian universities, for example, spend most of the term re-learning what they presumably were taught in high school.

Most Latin American professors are only part-time teachers, for they must hold supplementary jobs to earn a living. This means they are unable either to counsel students or to engage in research.

Lacking financial means, many students cannot attend school on a regular basis. Fellowships and other forms of assistance are infrequent.

Another lack is adequate scientific equipment, laboratory materials, and reference material. It is interesting to note, however, that the Committee considered this a lesser problem and assigned to it a lower priority. Examples were cited of how inexpensive or substitute equipment could be pressed into use to cut down imports and the resulting foreign-currency troubles.

The Committee underlined the lack of local support and continuity for specific projects and research institutions that resulted from changes in direction and government. By its very nature scientific research takes a long time and results cannot be predicted in advance. Yet, Committee members observed, Latin America's whirlwind development has brought so many problems demanding urgent solution that people are often unwilling to wait years or more for the results of a specific trend of research. The Committee felt that scientists, to win unwavering support, would have to explain their programs and activities clearly and explicitly to government officials.

Finally, the Committee took a hard look at current OAS programs related to science—Technical Cooperation, PAU Direct Technical Assistance, Nuclear Energy, OAS Fellowship Program, and the activities of OAS specialized organizations. It gave special attention to new projects connected with nuclear energy, a field the OAS has been keenly interested in. The Committee stated emphatically that general science development should precede any specialization in nuclear energy.

The Committee decided that many if not most OAS activities in the field of science should be carried out within the countries, using existing institutions and mechanisms to a maximum and keeping administrative

costs at OAS headquarters to a minimum. The following are its major recommendations:

1. A new science division should be established in the Pan American Union, to strengthen secondary science education, university science teaching, and a few scientific research institutions.

2. A number of refresher courses for secondary science teachers should be held. These might be organized at a qualified university, with invitations extended to instructors at teacher-training institutions in neighboring countries. Courses would last from one to three months, usually during vacation periods, and would take advantage of qualified personnel at the sponsoring university.

3. A number of seminars for university professors should be held, with the same general objectives as stated in Number 2.

4. A few symposia on highly specialized and selective topics (the quantum theory, for example) should be held for a limited number of advanced specialists. These symposia would serve as a means for the exchange of information, the presentation of new concepts, and the like. In this connection, the Committee observed that there was a considerable time lag between the discovery of a scientific phenomenon and its announcement through the printed word. While in the United States this lag is less than six months, on the average, the gap appears to be at least two years in most of Latin America. Since formal communication media cannot be expected, at least for some time to come, to carry all necessary information on scientific developments, word-of-mouth communication at meetings of this kind is indispensable.

5. A newsletter of current scientific events should be published—printed on light-weight paper and distributed by air mail. But the OAS was warned not to undertake the publication of scientific journals; rather, it should subsidize already existing journals to bring them up to acceptable standards and assure adequate distribution.

6. Two recommendations were made concerning book publication and translation. The Committee felt that each country needed several basic texts in its own language for secondary and first-year-university levels. In some instances, translation from English (for example, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology basic-science-text series) was desirable. At more advanced levels, however, the Committee indicated that science students should be required to read texts and other reference books in the original. Therefore, it recommended against translation, and stressed that the science curriculum should include language teaching, principally English. Also, it suggested that provision be made for importing scientific books from abroad.

The scientists wound up their meeting on June 20 (another was recommended for next year) after holding a joint session with Western Hemisphere educators who were in town for a UNESCO-OAS seminar on over-all education planning (see page 13). Before they disbanded Secretary General José A. Mora made it clear that their recommendations would be presented promptly to the OAS Council and that the help of various foundations and institutions would be solicited. ♦

CINVA FOR RAM

CINVA-RAM is going to market. Under the first such contract ever made by the Pan American Union with a commercial enterprise, Ibec Housing Corporation of New York will undertake the worldwide manufacture and distribution of the ingenious portable building-block press invented in Bogotá, Colombia, at the Inter-American Housing Center (CINVA, from its initials in Spanish). The Housing Center is a research and training institution established under the OAS Technical Cooperation Program of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council.

The machine, previously mentioned in the August 1957 AMERICAS, consists of a mold (which can be set for solid or hollow-centered wall blocks or flat floor tiles), a piston, and a lever system. Weighing about 140 pounds, it is so designed that an eighty-pound pull on the long handle will exert about forty thousand pounds' pressure on the block material. The ingredients used are cheap and abundant: fourteen parts of ordinary soil, preferably with a sand-to-clay ratio between 60-40 and 75-25, and one part of Portland cement or two of lime. Blocks made in this way—and two men operating the mechanism can turn out three to six hundred a day—need no baking and are ready for use after fifteen days' curing away from sun and rain. Other machines for making soil-cement blocks or even solid wall sections have been used in various places, but this one offers new advantages in its light weight and the low cost of both the press and the finished products. It is intended especially for do-it-yourself families or cooperatives in rural areas, and will make possible the construction of solid, healthful houses in places where ordinary building materials are unavailable or prohibitively expensive.

Ibec Housing Corporation is a subsidiary of the International Basic Economy Corporation, established by the



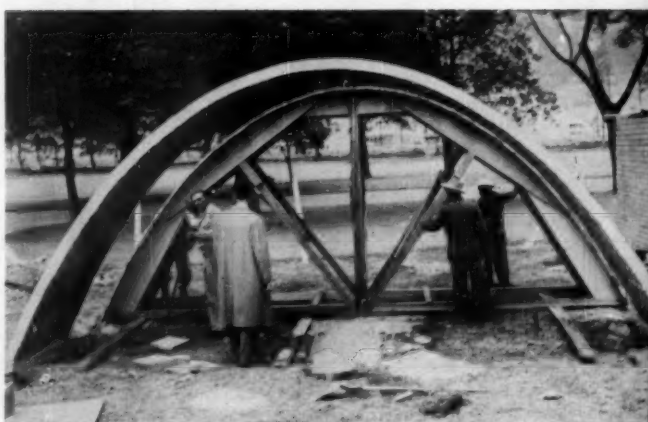
Cinva-Ram press for making building blocks or tiles is operated by lever that extends beyond picture to right

Rockefeller family. It has conducted building programs to demonstrate how costs can be kept down by mass construction and thus interest private builders in meeting the housing needs of low- and middle-income groups. It has completed more than two thousand houses in the first two of several projects in Puerto Rico, is developing a new community at Margate, Florida, and has built demonstration houses in Iraq both for the Government Development Board and for a private real-estate company. Like its parent, Ibec Housing works for a profit but seeks to encourage economic development. This makes

it an ideal agent to run the practical manufacturing and selling operations, which the OAS is not in a position to handle but which are essential to putting the invention to work around the world.

Ibec Housing Corporation's Cinva-Ram Block Press Division will develop the manufacturing and distribution. To stimulate local enterprise in the Latin American countries, during the first year manufacturing licenses there will be granted only to national companies—those in which local citizens or the government have at least 51-per-cent control.

The PAU, in behalf of the Organization of American States, will receive a royalty on the manufacturer's net



Arched structures can be built with soil-cement blocks over wooden frame, which is removed when mortar is dry



Building demonstration wall from Cinva-Ram blocks at CARE headquarters in New York

selling price of all presses and will be entitled to a profit participation. This income will be devoted first to covering PAU expenses in connection with the project to date. After that, a share will go to the Chilean inventor, Raúl Ramírez—a Housing Center engineer—and the rest to financing further OAS technical cooperation activities.

Already some five hundred of the presses, made by one company in Colombia and one in Mexico that were previously licensed, have been sold. CARE is using about a hundred of them for demonstration in self-help programs all over the world. A pilot market survey has demonstrated that there should be considerable demand for the tool in rural areas in the United States, and it has its work cut out for it in underdeveloped regions in many lands. ♦

Trainees at Inter-American Housing Center in Bogotá, Colombia, learn how to make and use soil-cement blocks





EMISSARY FROM PLANET X

Mundo Melhor, a new Brazilian magazine that is published monthly in São Paulo, contains something for almost every reading taste. This sprightly piece by Alfredo Mattar appeared in the first issue:

For the moment let's join the ranks of outer-space enthusiasts and pretend that a man from Planet X landed on earth. . . . The time was early morning; the place, one of our giant cities. This emissary from outer space . . . had disguised himself for his first reconnaissance of our world.

The city was sleeping and, from its deserted streets, our imaginary traveler knew that he would have to contain his feverish curiosity for a while. Any witness to the scene would have been consoled to learn that earth creatures have no monopoly on impatience. Our visitor paced from here to there and back, frequently consulted anything that looked like a clock, and gestured aimlessly, betraying his avid curiosity. Finally, he stopped in front of a building, where an inscription caught his eye. Lovers of science fiction will not hesitate to grant the supposition that our stranger was multi-lingual by nature and could read the sign: "Library." His face lit up. Obviously, he had found a way to spend the pre-dawn hours profitably. With the supernatural powers that no one will deny him, he entered the building, flew up the stairs, and landed in front of a shelf. Scanning the first few volumes excitedly, he tried to determine the earth people's cultural level: their intellectual heritage, their conclusions drawn from thousands of years' experience, their favorite doctrines. His

eyes began to water from such voracious reading. He failed to realize—so impetuous was he to fathom everything—that the volumes he was going through so hastily were all from the late nineteenth century or the early twentieth.

When our foreign visitor remembered to consult his chronometer, he shuddered with fright. Dawn was outside waking up the earth men whom he was so anxious to meet. He hurried and prepared to leave. Still—he thought—his unexpected visit to the library had been quite fruitful. . . . According to the books, science and technology had made earth the best of the worlds and the men there the

most fortunate in all creation. He had found out that, after passing through an evolutionary phase that the writers had called "the Dark Ages," mankind awoke from the lethargy, thanks to the revolutionary spirit of a few geniuses, and began the dizzy climb to previously undreamed-of pinnacles of progress. A group of philosophers uprooted concepts that had been firmly implanted in the human mind for centuries. From Auguste Comte, the space traveler had learned that, after serving a useless apprenticeship in theology and metaphysics, earth men had become an integral part of the parasitic positivist state. They were emancipated from obsessive dependence on the Absolute and from a God that demanded the disavowal of their greatest potentialities. . . . Rousseau—our visitor had read—showed them the goodness of nature, attacking the concept of original sin. Kant confined divinity to reason; Nietzsche held that man was divinity in himself. Free, autonomous, and self-sufficient, man had mastered the last secrets of nature and, through his knowledge of science, had made earth a paradise.

. . . Our mysterious emissary knew all this and much more as he descended the library stairs, congratulating himself for the hours well spent. He donned a flowing cape, a disguise that would enable him to make the most of his quest, and sallied forth, certain that he would meet euphoric people. . . .

His first observations soon gave the lie to his convictions. In the streets he saw only tense, apprehensive faces. No matter how hard he looked for the euphoria he expected, he found nothing to indicate security or self-



Back cover of ninth-anniversary issue of Tricolor, excellent children's magazine published monthly by Ministry of Education in Caracas. Lavishly illustrated, it covers whole range of young interests: history, science, grammar, music, fiction, puzzles, educational comics

confidence in the people's hurried movement. Actually, they seemed strangely preoccupied. Maybe, he thought, it was because the day was so cold. A group of men in front of a packing house shook his convictions even more, but he was drawn by their rebellious faces and angry shouts. He heard the most violent recriminations against the government, and the organ within his chest—though possibly different from the human heart—pounded as he listened to their laments about the inadequacy of the budget. He left to look for something that would substantiate what he had read in the books.

A newsboy hawked the daily paper. Inexperienced in the ways of earth creatures, he took a copy without paying. The newsboy, perplexed by the strange-looking visitor, beat a hasty, frightened retreat. The emissary from Planet X glanced over the front page. Disillusioned again. The headlines announced a world submerged in a sea of doubts, impasses, and apprehensions. As he read on, his face grew more somber. Earth men, it seemed, did not get along together. Their scientific knowledge turned against them and became a threat to their lives. . . . Representatives of nations hurled invective back and forth and agreed to meet in assemblies only so they could better display their arsenals.

Our visitor grew more and more uneasy. It was almost midday when . . . he heard a harangue in a near-by building. He went in. It was the House of Representatives. What he had read in the paper came true before his eyes. "Earth men really are dissatisfied with themselves and don't get along at all," he ruminated gloomily, as he watched one of the usual free-for-alls. . . .

The emissary from Planet X spent four days visiting cities, towns, and villages. Nothing changed his first impressions. Rather, proof of them kept piling up. . . . A tear ran down his oddly transparent face.

. . . The only thing for him to do was to return home and tell his fellow planet-dwellers what he had seen. Through the quiet hours of his last night on earth, he cursed the authors whose works he had read that first

morning. "I forgive these poor earth people for everything, but I can't forgive their cynical, lying philosophers."

His face turned red. . . . He rushed to the library, entered through the closed doors, flew up the stairs, and—

The next morning the library janitor was astounded and perplexed to find one of the shelves stripped and the books torn to pieces on the floor.



"You never kissed another girl?"—By Carlos Estêvão, in O Cruzeiro, Rio de Janeiro

ENGLISH AND NOTHING BUT

The Revista Interamericana de Educación, published in Bogotá, is the journal of the Inter-American Confederation of Catholic Education. Although slanted toward educators and teachers, it occasionally publishes articles that appeal to the layman. The following trenchant observations came from Father Jorge Jorge, a Jesuit priest:

We cannot go on thinking that our Latin American youngsters are top students when they go to the United States for advanced courses. Our good students are only average there. . . . This is because they start out with too little English at their command.

The idea that you can learn English simply by speaking it—as you learn swimming by doing—should be tossed out once and for all. Sadly enough, not many Latin American educators recognize this fact. Since people who study in the States have so much influence in our countries, it is inexcusable that we fail to prepare them adequately for the venture.

U.S. universities and colleges are putting up more and more restrictions

against Latin American students, because "they are difficult to understand and create disciplinary problems; their intellectual level is low and, fairly often, so are their moral standards." The explanations given are: "Their parents send them a lot of money; they are unaccustomed to the serious-mindedness of the American students; their religious foundation is weak; they do not know enough mathematics. . . ."

It would be hard to deny that such statements are at least partly true. . . . The lack of parental guidance and affection, the impact of a civilization that is in some ways more advanced, the shock of sometimes being looked down on, and, especially, the language barrier that precludes friendship with U.S. boys and girls—all have a profound effect, which is obvious to people who know our youngsters in their normal home environments. . . . The sad truth is that our boys and girls often keep to themselves in closed groups, isolated from Americans . . . largely because they are unable to carry on friendly, every-day conversation. After a couple of years they begin to feel less like outcasts, but by then . . . the emotional damage has been done, and they have also fallen behind in their studies. In my opinion, this is the crux of most of their disciplinary and scholastic problems.

This may be an over-simplification, but in any case . . . our youngsters must learn to understand and speak fluent English before going to the States for advanced work. Taking courses in our schools is not enough. Besides three or more years' studying English as a dead language, they must take an intensive course of at least six weeks with well-trained, experienced teachers, in an English-speaking country. With this background, they are ready to begin their studies. They will not speak or write English perfectly—that takes at least five years—but they will be able to keep up with their classes, to meet the countless problems of daily living, and to get on normally with other students.

Forty-three U.S. colleges offer summer English courses for foreigners. They give anywhere from one to thirty-seven classes a week. Since a

course offering less than sixteen weekly classes could hardly be called intensive, the list is reduced to ten: Centenary College, Shreveport, Louisiana; Institute of Languages and Foreign Service, Milledgeville, Georgia; Southwestern Louisiana Institute, Lafayette, Louisiana; University of California, Berkeley, California; Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, College Station, Texas; Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.; University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida; Mississippi Southern College, Hattiesburg, Mississippi; University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan; St. Michael's College, Winooski, Vermont. . . .

At several of these institutions students must pledge themselves not to speak any language but English during the entire course. However, to my knowledge, the Institute in Georgia is the only place where this rule is strictly enforced. This single fact is . . . so important that it overshadows even the magnificent laboratories at Georgetown and the highly competent staff at Michigan. No language can be

learned by translation or comparison. You must think in English, live in English, eat in English. . . .

The following letter is from a student in Georgia: "After five weeks, the director gave us permission to speak Spanish. You won't believe this, but it's true: It was hard for me to speak Spanish. Everything got twisted. For three or four hours I couldn't pronounce the Spanish *r*; it always came out English. After a while my Spanish returned to normal, but my trouble in getting started surely indicates that you absorb a lot of English in five weeks. You think in English, and you forget Spanish.

"This is what is so stupendous about the Institute, something no other school has. Mr. Mangiafico, the director, makes it work. Every session he expels three or four students for speaking Spanish or for behaving as if they were on vacation. When he sees someone not making the progress he should, he knows that he is either speaking Spanish or running around too much. He plants a sensitive recorder that picks up even a whisper.

. . . When it is proved that a student has spoken Spanish, though on only one occasion, he is dispatched post-haste. . . .

"Mr. Mangiafico also has a real FBI to keep tabs on us. In every restaurant and store the clerk or waitress is apt to . . . tattle to Mangiafico within hours after they hear Spanish spoken. There are only twelve thousand people in this town, and he has a lot of friends who are willing to help. . . . Another thing: no student is allowed to drive, since it would obviously be impossible to check on conversations in cars."

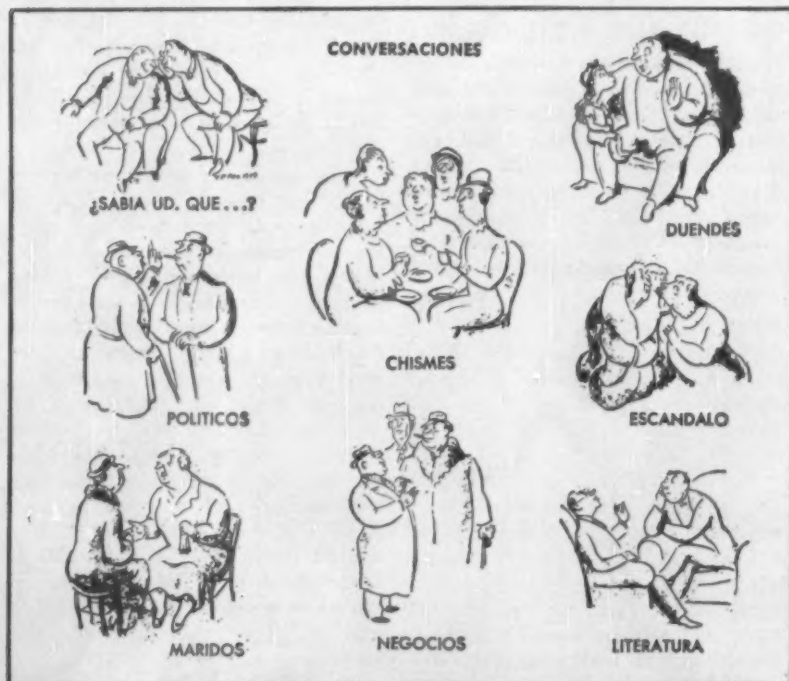
Anyone going to the United States to study English should be warned in advance that he will have to work hard. He should not expect to learn a language in a short time and by using short cuts and halfway measures. Another Georgia student writes: "Classes begin at eight-thirty and end at one. There is a half-hour break then and several ten-minute breaks during the morning. Lunch is at one-thirty, and classes begin again at three. They end at ten minutes before six, when we have dinner. From seven-thirty to eight-thirty we sing in English, which demands extra-careful pronunciation. From eight-forty-five to nine-forty-five there is a 'baseball game' (that is, vocabulary class). At nine-thirty we are free—to study and do homework. Many students stay up until twelve or one. We get up at six-thirty and have breakfast at seven. After breakfast we have a short time to study before another day's classes begin."

One last word of warning: don't go to the United States even to take a summer course until you have mastered English grammar and have acquired an adequate vocabulary. . . .

BLACK MAGIC

Rosa Arciniega, the well-known Peruvian biographer and essayist, writes about witchcraft in the Dominican daily *El Caribe*:

. . . Two of the most basic human impulses are those that motivate man to seek wealth and love. To gain one or the other, man has always resorted to every means within his reach, including "supernatural" or magic procedures. The legend of Faust, who



"Conversations [reading down from upper left]: Did you know that. . . ? Politicians. Husbands. Gossip. Business. Ghost stories. Scandal. Literature."—From *Hablemos*, Spanish-language supplement published in New York and sold to newspapers throughout Hemisphere

signed his soul over to the Devil in exchange for youth and love, is an artistic expression of that age-old—you might call it innate—human hunger. That is why it has won such tremendous popularity.

In the reality of day-to-day living there have been Faustus by the thousands. In Peru, there was the notorious and most unusual Vidaurre, who, like Marlowe's and Goethe's character, also signed the mysterious pact with Lucifer, hoping thus to fulfill his passionate desire. There are others, too, whom Ricardo Palma has described in his *Tradiciones*. I have collected bits of witchcraft and sorcery in my biography of Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, that fantastic visionary who . . . purveyed brews and talismans "to win hearts" and to bend others' wills to his fancy.

Why has man believed throughout the ages—naturally, more so in the past—in the mysterious power of amulets and exorcism to achieve what was impossible by natural means? Why did the repeated, and inevitable, failures not convince him that those beliefs were futile and that he was the victim of an elusive dream? The only explanation is his innermost propensity for believing in mystery, in unexplainable miracles. . . .

In our New World—its newness notwithstanding—no small fortune in literature has been squandered on witchcraft. Aboriginal superstitions were added to those brought from the Old World . . . , and now it is difficult to tell them apart. . . . In our hemisphere, from the very beginning, sorcery was aimed more at winning "amorous favors" than at gaining wealth or power. During the second half of the sixteenth century, the amulets, mystic mirrors, rings with coded letters, and "potent inks" that Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa distributed to upper-class residents of Lima had to do mostly with love. According to Argentine writers—who have done the most research on this subject in our part of the world—magical practices in the River Plate region have centered around "winning hearts." What the unhappy, deluded "clients" seek is love.

The Devil also appeared repeatedly on the Argentine pampa, to perform

the "miracle" by means of the usual pact. He finally came out in the gaucho theater too, in Santos Vega's *Fausto*. Outstanding, however, were the sorcerers who, "by subtle arts and special powers" . . . , supplied remedies for all sorts of misfortunes. In 1870 or 1871, there was on the Argentine pampa a powerful and famous magician, a Chilean called "Tata Viejo" and "Tata Dios." He overwhelmed the people with his charms and love philters, in addition to other, more obscure practices. In the first decade of this century, "Hermana María" and "Carmen" lived in Buenos Aires and caused a lot of talk with their love potions and talismans. Some of their activities are included in the Argentine annals of psychiatry and criminology. Carmen advertised her headquarters in the daily papers as a "temple" and vowed that her methods were "those of Pythia at Delphi and [based on] secrets lost by modern science." She indicated that she cured "disappointed and unrequited loves," and that she possessed "true talismans of great potency and magnetic force." . . . Obviously, she did not say where she had got them, but she made a fat profit off her many "clients." . . .

In Santander Department in Colombia, I personally met the celebrated "Mago del Pinchote," a very old, partly blind man who effected miraculous "cures" by the laying on of hands and various ritualistic formulas. Sick people flocked to him from far off, even from Venezuela, and some with whom I talked assured me that he had cured them. I published a detailed account of "Mago" and his practices in [the Bogotá daily] *El Tiempo*.

Naturally, American literature took up this aspect of man's credulity. . . . One example among hundreds is the vivid picture José Hernández paints in *La Vuelta de Martín Fierro*, when the "magician" tells how he came to receive the "gift":

*Después me empezó a pasar
una pluma de avestruz
y me dijo: de la Cruz
recibí el don de curar.*

Then he began to stroke me
With an ostrich feather
And said to me: from the Cross
I received the gift of curing.

. . . One Francisco Fernández wrote a four-act play, *Solané*, about the do-

ings of the Chilean "Tata Viejo." Roberto J. Payró describes a witch and her crafts in *El Fantasma*; and Benito Lynch, in *El Inglés de los Güesos*, portrays to perfection the famous "Doña María" as she instructs Balbina how to keep "her James" from getting away from her: "Watch and listen carefully; I'm going to teach you to make a 'bond' with that man. . . . First, you must ask him to give you three hairs from the nape of his neck. Then. . . ." And so on, through the whole gamut of absurd tricks that are part and parcel of this sort of black magic. . . .

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- 44 Courtesy Episcopal Academy, Philadelphia
- Inside back cover Mac's Photo, Anchorage

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 42

1. The Presidential Palace.
2. El Salvador.
3. The Dominican Republic.
4. Tiradentes Palace.
5. The Castle of Chapultepec.
6. Both now Horn, named after Hoorn, Netherlands.
7. Bolivia.
8. Cuzco.
9. Costa Rica.
10. Ottawa.



BOOKS

RECENT CHILEAN LITERATURE

Reviewed by Dorothy Hayes de Huneeus

When a writer who all his life has fulminated against the drama as a genre unworthy to be ranked as literature suddenly decides to perpetrate a play, he can hardly be expected to take to the technique of the theater like a duck to water. Warily, Benjamín Subercaseaux forestalls criticism by defining his *Pasión y Epopeya de "Halcón Ligero" (Lautaro)* (Passion and Epic of "Swift Falcon" [Lautaro]) in its present form as a play to be read, although he hopes it will be to a future stage version what the synopsis is to a film—raw material for the technical experts to work on.

In spite of this disclaimer, the dialogue has come in for its share of adverse comment: the flavor of archaic Spanish deliberately imparted to the language of Pedro de Valdivia and his fellow Conquistadors has been condemned by some as artificial, and still louder protest has been raised against the highly articulate philosophizing of the Indian chieftains—especially, of course, Lautaro himself. Here again Subercaseaux has his answer ready. The theater, he points out, has nothing to do with factual reality; out of a series of accepted conventions it creates a reality of its own. While he knows perfectly well that the *Lautaro* of history could never have analyzed and expressed his feelings as does the "Swift Falcon" of the play, he reminds us that the task of the playwright who draws his material from the past is precisely to "translate" it in such a way as to provoke in a modern audience the same reactions that a more strictly realistic interpretation might have aroused

among the contemporaries of the characters presented. Further, he maintains, if the people he has re-created did not really talk as he makes them, they acted as if they had thought that way and, what is more, as if history itself would have been utterly meaningless had they thought otherwise.

In theory, this seems a perfectly sound line of defense; in practice, however, a middle course is possible. Even when Caliban attains, as he sometimes does, a height of poetry incredible in such a monster, Shakespeare contrives by one means or another to give all his utterances a primitive accent that imperceptibly creates in us the "willing suspension of disbelief." But in much of what Lautaro and the other Araucanians say, there is little or nothing to keep alive the image of the Indian. (A striking exception is the rather inconsistently realistic scene preceding the election of the Great Toqui, when the chieftains boast and insult one another just as one would expect, with the uninhibited self-assertiveness of children squabbling over who shall be King of the Castle.) And is it quite true that their action in history always justifies Benjamín Subercaseaux's interpretation of their thought? There is perhaps too startling a contrast, for instance, between the mercilessness with which Lautaro inflicts the most savage tortures on those whom he regards as traitors, and the violence of his denunciation of Padre Pozo as representative of those priests whom he accuses of forgetting their duty of "pity for all men." However, it must here be added that the religious ideas incorporated in the play are well worth meditating.

In the realm of stagecraft, over against some extremely effective moments must be set one that might conceivably prove a stumbling-block to performance of the play. Unlike certain easily rectifiable technical defects (such as the awkward recapitulation, too obviously for the audience's benefit, of facts known to both parties in a dialogue), this one concerns a scene vital to the significance of the drama. Much of the well-authenticated local color introduced in the course of the play would be at least as exotically fascinating in the theater as it is in print. But could the rite of Admapu ever really be represented on the stage? The Greeks discreetly kept all acts of violence behind the scenes; one wonders how far even a tough modern audience would be prepared to watch Lautaro cut out the heart of Pedro de Valdivia, display it—still reeking with the warm life-blood—to the council of chieftains, bite a piece out, and circulate the heart among the silent Indians until it has been devoured. Yet the symbolism of this act is essential to the thesis of the play. The Araucanians believed that by this rite the courage of a valiant enemy would be added to their own; and for Subercaseaux what is to be deplored in his country's history is its failure to evolve harmoniously, as might have been expected, out of a blend of the best of Spain and of Arauco.

It is here that the significance of an apparently cumbersome title emerges. The story of *Lautaro* is indeed viewed in a dual light. It is, on the one hand, the epic of a brilliant warrior, who takes advantage of his years as a prisoner among the Spaniards to learn mili-

tary tactics, and then skillfully exploits this knowledge to drive the Conquistadors out of Araucanian territory. But the hero of the epic is also the protagonist of a tragedy; and this in its turn is twofold. Lautaro's own private tragedy lies in the conflict of irreconcilable loyalties. From Pedro de Valdivia he has learned a new concept of tenderness, devotion, and fidelity; yet for love of his own people he must steel himself to betray the man whom he has come to regard as a father. The pain is none the less agonizing for his conviction that he is in the right.

But more than intimate inner struggle is involved in the other aspect of his tragedy as Subercaseaux sees it. The author has always been concerned first and foremost with the communication of ideas. These ideas, moreover, are usually intensely interesting, individual, and provocative, although what they have provoked in a good many of his compatriots has often been passionate disagreement. The present play is an expression of his belief, explicitly stated in the preface and implicit in the drama as a whole, that Chilean nationalism as it exists today is built on unsound bases: the exaltation of everything *criollo* (bred, that is, of the fusion of Spanish colonists and the Indian "collaborationists," the Promaucaes of the center and north of Chile) and the more or less contemptuous repudiation of everything Araucanian, everything inherited from the Mapuche, "the people of the land." It was they alone who resisted the Spaniards as they had resisted the Incas and who stood aloof from an Independence movement that was, in Subercaseaux's words, "no matter of a conquered and subject race shaking off the yoke of slavery" but "a private feud between the Spaniards of the colony and those of the Peninsula . . . , a colonial enterprise starting to run its business under a different name." "It would almost seem," he goes on, "that in everything and everybody there exists a sort of gnawing subconscious awareness that it is not we who are the lords of the land"; this translates itself into "the unflagging wish and endeavor to crush, humiliate, wipe out, if it were possible, those whom we reluctantly recognize to be the Chileans that really have a right to the name, the undisputed sons of the soil; those who alone were in fact capable of disinterestedly defending Chile: the people of Arauco."

This is the other side of Lautaro's tragedy. He and Valdivia acknowledge each other's greatness. Both know that from Valdivia's barren old age and Lautaro's vigorous youth a mighty Chile could have sprung. But between them no reconciliation was possible; and little by little Lautaro comes to see that the Chile which will finally emerge from the strife will be neither his or Valdivia's, but that of the *yanacunas*, the "collaborationists" of his place and time. For the one God in whom he believes, the God who is greater than either the Pillán of the Mapuche or the Jehovah of Padre Pozo, cares for the individual human being, who is the work of His hands; but nations are man-made, and He has no concern with their destiny.

Nevertheless, play and preface alike end on a note of hopeful conviction. Put to the test, Chile will surely dis-

cover and learn to use the treasure of its Araucanian inheritance. And meanwhile, whatever attitude the reader may be moved to adopt toward its counsel for the future, *Pasión y Epopeya de "Halcón Ligero"* provides a vivid means of learning a little of Chilean history.

A prize-winning study of Lautaro of quite a different kind—*Lautaro, Joven Libertador de Arauco*—was among the earlier works of Fernando Alegría, whose recent novel *Caballo de Copas* (*The Winning Horse*) is the last book that one might expect of a Professor of Romance Languages and Spanish American Literature in the University of California, the author of a series of more decorous publications on such topics as aesthetic ideas in modern poetry, themes in the work of Thomas Mann, Chilean poetry, and Walt Whitman in Latin America. There is something undisciplined, disorderly, chaotic, not only about the kind of life that teems in its pages but even about the turgid flow of words, impressions, images, that sweeps us along with a sort of elemental gusto through a world as remote as it well could be from library and lecture room.

This is the world of the racecourse, the docks, the more sordid hotels and boarding-houses, the more dubious bars and night clubs, of San Francisco. It is a crowded world, peopled by jockeys and trainers, racing addicts, bookies, stevedores, strip-tease dancers, tramps, degenerates, strike-breakers, and professional bullies. But apart from all these vividly created human characters, in *Caballo de Copas* the presence and personality of San Francisco itself are almost as vital and all-pervading as that of Wessex in a Hardy novel. The uneasy fascination of this "town without a map," poised at the docks' edge as if at any moment it might move on and leave one behind, is so potent that the narrator—a young Chilean who made his way to the States to study and instead finds himself washing dishes in a dreary restaurant—is driven to exclaim: "Why, you can be living in San Francisco and still feel homesick for it!"

There is one passage, for instance, describing a lift on a truck back to the city, in which the writer records with a kind of tacit ecstasy the stages of his approach: the mist hooding the sky, the first whiff of briny dampness in the air, the huge shining tanks of the oil refineries, the Golden Gate, and then, to the south, the white town on its green slopes. Strange shafts of sunlight strike down through the clouds and set a halo on the hills; for a visionary moment the windows of a mass of many-colored houses, clustered together like a colony of madrepore coral, flash bright signals to him in the evening sun; then, a moment before dark falls, the mist swallows them up, cutting off Oakland Bridge in mid-air, so that its stairway of orange, red, and green lights seems to climb upward, angle by angle, only to launch its cars into the void. But as the truck passes opposite Treasure Island, along with the section of the bridge that was hidden before by the mist there comes into view the grim prison fortress of Alcatraz, with its searchlights, and the sea beating against its rocky base.

And all at once the reader feels that if it were not for the irrepressible humor that enlivens even its most sordid

moments, the whole book would seem a little like this: a ray of poetry illumining the scene for an instant, then the fog of hopelessness and squalor closing down again. It would be chill as the early morning mist whose clammy drops ring round the yellow lamplight in the streets down by the docks, or would lift only to reveal more clearly some stark reality—the sweltering heat of the afternoon on the racecourse, with the reek of sweat and beer; the turbulent racing crowds all half-crazed in the frenzied pursuit of some “system” on which they pin their desperate faith, until once again the bitter taste of disappointment surges up in their throats.

Naturally enough, among this motley crowd it is those with Spanish blood in their veins whose destiny mainly absorbs the attention of Fernando Alegría. The dreadful slough of indolence or demoralization into which many have allowed themselves to sink, the philosophical cheerfulness of others, the contemptuous and even bullying treatment they sometimes have to suffer, their gleams of fun, of generosity, of reckless courage, even of tenderness, are all recorded—like the narrator’s own sentiments, whether ignoble or the reverse—with a completely objective abstinence from comment. The to-and-fro tide of degeneracy and ambition, love and egoism, human baseness and human solidarity, swings us this way and that, and the writer has no time to stay it to point a moral.

Had he been more given to preaching, he might have taken as his text his own words to the nominal protagonist of the book, a compatriot of his. González (registered by his original owner as “Señor González,” roughly the equivalent of “Mr. Jones”) is recognizable as a Chilean by the very look in his eye. He is an individualist, a horse of bohemian temperament; moreover, he cherishes an illusion—he believes he is a champion. He advances onto the course with dancing steps and all the airs and graces of a favorite; but, alas, since he Nevertheless, his two fellow-Chileans stake all their savings and winnings on buying him, in the faith that, trained and ridden by Hidalgo, he will prove a good investment. And “in moments of loneliness and tribulation” his owner murmurs in his ear:

Do you realize, you old so-and-so? If you don’t win, you don’t eat. Or rather, you’ll be the cats; we shall have to sell you to a circus or a zoo for the lions’ dinner. If we were in Chile, it wouldn’t matter if you didn’t pull it off. You’d be among friends who’d like you and respect you. At most they’d make you pull a baker’s cart, or a victoria, or a moving-van, or perhaps, as you’re so smart-looking, they’d let you draw a hearse. But not here, my lad. Here life’s hard and cruel. You’ve only got one chance, and if you don’t grab it, you’re done for. Lions’ feed. Don’t forget! A corpse or a cup winner. There’s no happy medium.

González, thanks to Hidalgo’s skill at his job, does after all achieve his hour of triumph, and his end, when it comes, is at once grotesque and glorious. But the risk involved in uprooting oneself, transplanting oneself to a completely new habitat, is made plain enough in the fate of many of his fellow Latin Americans. Even the lucky ones are apt to feel something sterile, void, mediocre in the futile routine of a life spent in exile. “If I died here,” says Hidalgo, “I’d go to limbo.” And his partner is startled to perceive how much truth lies



Benjamin Subercaseaux,
author of drama about
Indian hero Lautaro



José Donoso, whose first
novel, *Coronación*, has been
widely hailed

behind so absurd a statement.

Caballo de Copas has even more to offer. Scraps of flavorsome dialogue; a rich description of the thick atmosphere in the dining-room of the “Spanish Boarding-house”; the charmingly handled love affair; the gambling scene in the tomato-pickers’ hut, glimpsed by the murky light of a kerosene lamp; the grim dockside fight between stevedores and strike-breakers; the occasion, at once comic and unbearably pathetic, when González gambols triumphantly home to the winning-post without a jockey, and is rudely jerked from immense complacency to disillusionment; and, of course, all the thrilling detail of his one great outsider’s victory.

In complete contrast to this riotous narrative is *Coronación*, the novel that disputed with *Caballo de Copas* the attention of the critics during the early months of 1958. José Donoso’s first publication in Chile, a book of short stories called *Veraneo* (Summering, 1955), brought him immediate recognition as one of Chile’s most promising young writers (he is barely thirty-three); but *Coronación* represents a striking advance towards complete maturity. Its theme, sustained with an impersonality that avoids all suggestion of partisanship, is the contrast between the largely subjective troubles of a certain section of the Chilean upper classes and the more externalized misery of those whose chief anxieties relate to whether they will keep their job, whether there will be anything to put in the stewpot, whether they will have enough money for a packet of cheap cigarettes and a chance to make love on Sunday afternoon on the slopes of San Cristóbal.

Andrés Abalos, a bachelor in his fifties, and his grandmother, “Misiá” Elisa Grey de Abalos, are the only surviving members of a well-to-do family. “Misiá” Elisa, who is over ninety, bedridden, and mentally failing, is looked after by two aging servants of the old-family-retainer type, one of whom brings her young niece Estela up from the country to wait on the difficult old lady. Estela falls in love with an errand boy employed at the local shop, and their relationship provides the mainspring for most of the external action; but the real interest of the novel lies chiefly in its searching study of the impact of Estela’s disturbing seventeen-year-old presence on the life of Andrés Abalos. Never having been forced to work by financial necessity or driven into

any imprudence by the vital compulsion of passion, he has existed hitherto in a state of comfortable dullness. Now, in the humiliating grip of a frustrated physical obsession, he finds himself, by skillfully traced degrees, obliged to face the fact that he has never really lived—and that it is late to begin. But if he has never lived, how can he bear to die? He cannot take refuge behind any of man's customary defenses against the terror of annihilation, since they all seem to him fallacious, mere wishful thinking. Yet he is not strong enough to stand alone. And in the end he escapes from the inexorable pressure of the reality he cannot endure by letting himself slip thankfully over the edge of sanity, into the world where truth and hallucination merge.

All the time, in the background of this process of moral and mental disintegration, and in a way expediting it, there drags on the slow physical dissolution of the vile-tongued old woman upstairs. Her vagaries are the occasion of some of the best passages in the book, and the culminating scene is unforgettable: the two respectable old servants, Lourdes and Rosario, dressing up their dying mistress on her saint's day in robe and crown, and ending by getting drunk themselves on the punch they have made for the guests that never come.

In the neatly counterpointed construction of *Coronación*, in the care for style, in the accumulation of apparently trivial yet actually significant details, in the power of precise and detached observation (though not so detached that we can fail to feel affection as well as pity for Estela's trapped youth, at once vulnerable and resistant), in the concern for psychology rather than action, critics have discerned the influence of Henry James and William Faulkner, Stendhal and Dostoevsky. Unquestionably, much of the book's importance as a contribution to the development of the Chilean novel lies in the fact that José Donoso—completely bilingual, a serious student of English and U.S. letters, and familiar with the main currents of European literature—sets an interesting example by his application of universal technique to genuinely Chilean raw material, drawn for once from Santiago instead of from the countryside. On the one hand, poverty, unemployment and delinquency, ills common to all large or growing cities, follow a recognizably Chilean pattern; on the other hand, the decadence and neurosis typified in "Misiá" Elisa and Andrés Abalos are very real problems in a limited section of Santiago's upper classes. On a more superficial plane, environment, customs, and habits of speech are depicted with great fidelity. The description of the half-derelect grandiosity of "Misiá" Elisa's sunless old house rings true to a Santiago reader; so does the scene in which Carlos Grau—whose full life both as a doctor and as a man is deliberately contrasted with that of his friend Andrés—returns home in the evening, and exactly the sort of conversation ensues between him and his wife that takes place between hundreds of married couples in Santiago on 365 days of the year—a conversation so devastatingly true to life that it reads like subtle satire, as quiet as the irony of the title.

Another side of Chile—the Chile of the guitar, the

rodeo, and the *cueca*—comes to life gaily but, appropriately enough, with an undertone of melancholy in Nicanor Parra's *La Cueca Larga* (The Long *Cueca*, named after a folk dance that according to tradition is based on the courtship of cock and hen). Slight as it is, this collection of four poems has attracted a good deal of attention. Once more Nicanor Parra gives proof of his happy knack of catching the tone of popular verse, with its lively images, its facile but haunting meters, and the delightful inconsequentiality of the improviser who hurries on from verse to verse.

No verses in any way connected with the *cueca* would be complete, of course, without a good deal of exaltation of the wine that is never wanting at even the humblest Chilean festival, for

*El vino es todo, es el mar
Las botas de veinte leguas
La alfombra mágica, el sol
El loro de siete lenguas*

Wine is all things, the sea,
the twenty-league boots,
the magic carpets, the sun,
the seven-tongued parrot

and one must make the most of the last bottles, for one never knows when, at some turn in the hill path, lean Death will cast his lasso.

The country customs that inspire all Parra's imagery are evoked with particular charm in "El Chuico y la Damajuana." It is important to note that "demijohn" is feminine in Spanish, for this little fable describes the wedding of the two kinds of wine bottle most familiar in Chile. It follows a satirical tradition older than Chaucer's Chantecler and Dame Partlet, and ends with a profoundly platitudinous statement worthy of the King of Yvetot, after a series of such pleasing figures as these:

*Tan bien se sentía el Chuico
Junto a su Damajuana
Que el sauce llorón reía
Y el cactus acariciaba.
En la puerta de la iglesia
Hallaron al señor cura
Que estaba rezando un credo
Con un rosario de uvas.*

So good did the Chuico feel
beside his Damajuana
that the weeping willow laughed
and the cactus grew caressing.
There at the church door
the parish priest was waiting,
reciting his creed
with a rosary of grapes.

The title poem, too, though ostensibly a long-drawn-out *cueca* during the first part of which the improviser counts up to nineteen and invents appropriate rhymes in honor of Chile's national holiday on the nineteenth of September, carries suggestions of an analogy with life itself. We are reminded, amid our laughter, that there is another and a very serious poet in Nicanor Parra, whom it would be good to see more of.

The illustrator is one of Chile's best-known artists, but his work here is perhaps a little disappointing in its affectation of childish crudity.

PASIÓN Y EPOPEYA DE "HALCÓN LIGERO" (LAUTARO), by Benjamín Subercaseaux. Santiago, Editorial Nascimento, 1957. 178 p.

CABALLO DE COPAS, by Fernando Alegría. Santiago, Editorial Zig-Zag, 1957. 227 p.

CORONACIÓN, by José Donoso. Santiago, Editorial Nascimento, 1957. 300 p.

LA CUECA LARGA, by Nicanor Parra. Santiago, Editorial Universitaria, Colección Extremo Sur, 1958. 34 p. Illus. by Nemesio Antúnez.

Dorothy Hayes de Huneeus is AMERICAS' regular literary correspondent in Chile. Her husband, Francisco, a well-known caricaturist, did the illustrations.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 37



1 This is the entrance to the Casa Rosada, a Buenos Aires landmark closely associated with Argentine history. Is it the University of Buenos Aires, the Presidential Palace, or the Supreme Court building?

2 Known as the "lighthouse of the Pacific" because of its frequent eruptions, Izalco is the most active volcano in Central America. What country is it in?



3 La Puerta del Conde (The Count's Gate), also known as Baluarte 25 de Febrero (Bastion of February 27), marks the spot where the independence of _____ was proclaimed. Fill in the blank.



4 The seat of the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies bears the name of one of the nation's heroes. Is it called Itamaraty, the Monroe Palace, or Tiradentes Palace?



5 This castle overlooking the oldest metropolis in the Western Hemisphere was once the home of an emperor and the site of a famous inter-American conference. Can you identify the building?



6 At the southernmost tip of the South American continent is _____ Island, the site of Cape _____, both named by the Dutch navigator Willem Schouten after his home town. Fill in the blanks.



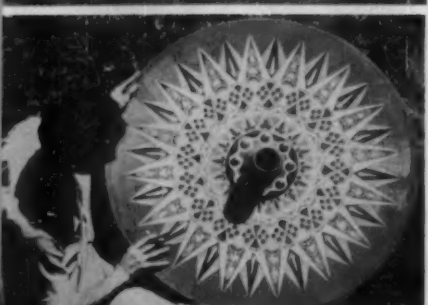
7 The Chacaltaya Laboratory of Cosmic Physics is in the strategically located Andes and named after the mountain it is on. Which country is it in?



8 This city, sometimes called the archaeological capital of South America, served as administrative headquarters of the Inca Empire in territory that is today Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, Chile, and parts of Argentina and Brazil. Is it Quito, Cuzco, or Potosí?



9 Although there are plenty of automobiles there, brightly painted carts that ride on wheels like this are the trade-mark of a Central American republic. Can you name it?



10 The Peace Tower has a carillon with fifty-two bells and is one of the main features of the Parliament Building in a Canadian city. Can you identify the city?





Letters

VERSIFIER

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed very much Manuel Diegues Junior's article about the Brazilian troubadours ["Duels in Verse," June 1958] and was greatly impressed by the singers' articulate charm. I had fun doing my own translations, although your translator did a good job. Here's a sample that managed to rhyme:

For errors, please, ignore
For I'm a simple troubadour,
And sing only to express
The talent I possess,
God-given and untaught,
And only know
The letter "O"

By the mouth of a pot.

I also tried this one in blank verse:

I lift my thoughts to heaven,
And my soul discovers
The farthest reaches
Of the firmament,
And rides the naked wind
Scattering in space
My spontaneous verse:
And the wind returns her smile.
Thus my rhymes go forth
At eventide.

And this:

I grew without father or mother,
And wandered hither and yon
Roaming the hinterland.
Thus I was raised—
Nurtured by the sun and the rain,
As cotton grows.

Isauro Bazán
Washington, D.C.

For readers who wish to compare, one of the originals and our less imaginative version appear below:

Criei-me sem pai nem mãe
No meio deste sertão,
Andando de déu em déu;
Fui criado, meu patrão,
Com o sol e com a chuva,
Como as ramas de algodão.

I grew up without father or mother
In the middle of these backlands,
Wandering from here to there;
I was brought up, boss,
By the sun and the rain,
Like branches of cotton.

VILLA JONES

Dear Sirs:

I want to bring to your attention the unusual project of Robert Cuba Jones and his wife, Ingeborg, at Chilpancingo 23, Mexico City. You or your friends who may be going to Mexico may want to contact them for information or accommodations, besides becoming acquainted with what they are trying to do. . . .

Their pioneering project is an attempt to promote cultural, economic, and social ex-

change between the United States and Mexico. They maintain a large house called Villa Jones between downtown Mexico City and the University of Mexico campus with a limited number of rooms available for people with professional interests. Tuesday night is round-up and round-table night for about thirty-five or forty-five Mexicans and North Americans who come for conversation and discussion—usually with some celebrity as leader. The night we were there Rodolfo Mendiola, then president of the Society of Authors and Composers and former director of the National Board of Primary Education . . . was the speaker. He made an impassioned plea for professional men to devote part of each year to serving needy rural communities. . . . The Joneses have a wide acquaintance among Mexicans and North Americans and their center is especially worthwhile for the researcher. . . .

B. H. Luebke
Professor of Rural Sociology
University of Tennessee
Knoxville, Tennessee

CORRECTION

Dear Sirs:

We were naturally much interested and pleased to read your fine editorial on page 1 of the July English issue concerning the April conference on Latin American studies in U.S. schools, in which we were privileged to participate. To set the record straight, may we inform you that the conference was made possible through the cooperation of the Creole Petroleum Corporation, not the Creole Foundation, as indicated in your editorial.

Henry F. Pelkey
Creole Petroleum Corporation
New York, New York

"PSYCHIATRY AND PAINT"

Dear Sirs:

. . . I am gathering background material for an article on a new organization named "Research in Schizophrenia Endowment" (RISE). In the May issue of AMERICAS you published [in "From the Newstands"] an interesting article, "Psychiatry and Paint," by a Dr. Honorio Delgado of Peru, whom I would like to contact for more information. As you know, art is playing a major role in the recovery process of many schizophrenic patients, and Dr. Delgado's observations may be of immense value when RISE begins its program of intensive research for a cure for schizophrenia.

Francis S. Sinnott
Middletown, Connecticut

Dr. Delgado can be reached in care of Fanal, a publication of the International Petroleum Company in Lima, Peru, from which we reprinted his article. Address Fanal, International Petroleum Company, Apartado 1081, Lima, Peru.

COVER UP

Dear Sirs:

I would suggest that you ignore Paul D. Seghers' complaint about your "somber covers" in the June issue. The covers are perfect as they are and an integral part of the uniqueness of the magazine. If Mr. Seghers wants color let him buy *Life*, *Time*, *Look*, and so on. And the contents of AMERICAS

are just as good as the covers. Don't change it, please.

Louise Rounds
Goleta, California

BOOKS WANTED

Dear Sirs:

Your magazine is . . . a continual source of information and pleasure. I enjoy the book reviews of current Pan American literature. This brings me to ask whether there is a supply source for these books in the United States. I should be grateful if you could tell me the name and address of firms handling recent Pan American publications.

Sue E. Anderson
Seattle, Washington

Dear Sirs:

I have enjoyed your magazine very much. It takes me so close to peoples I would enjoy knowing better. . . . Where could I obtain a copy of the Brazilian book *Arte Plumária dos Índios Kaapor*, which was reviewed in a recent issue?

Rosemary Kaufman
Manhattan Beach, California

Latin American books reviewed in AMERICAS may be ordered from the following U.S. booksellers: Stechert-Hafner, 31 East Tenth Street, New York; Franz Feger, 17 East Twenty-second Street, New York; Brentano's Inc., 586 Fifth Avenue, New York 19 (and all branches); La Prensa, 245 Canal Street, New York 13; Las Americas Publishing Co., 30 West Twelfth Street, New York 11; Franz Bader, Inc., 1705 G Street N.W., Washington 6, D.C.; World Affairs Bookshop, 1518 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. This is only a partial list, and we should welcome additions.

SHIP AHOY!

Dear Sirs:

A few days ago, in the quiz in the September 1957 AMERICAS, I came across this question: "Another loading point of the conquistadors, —, Peru, was the scene of a battle in which the Chilean Navy, under the English Admiral Lord Cochrane, defeated the Spanish Royal Navy during the wars of liberation. Fill in the blank." Let me make a correction: the battle of May 2, 1866, in the bay of Callao was not fought between the Chilean fleet and the Spanish Navy, as stated, but between the Peruvian garrison of the old fortress called the Castillo Real Felipe and the Spanish Navy.

Luis E. Antúnez Villegas
Lima, Peru

The battle we were fighting was another one: the campaign in 1820 when Admiral Cochrane took the Spanish frigate Esmeralda by boarding it, in spite of the Callao fortifications. He then continued to blockade the port while it was besieged overland until it eventually capitulated. The battle Mr. Antúnez Villegas refers to also took place at Callao, but, as he says, in 1866.

BOYS' CHAPEL

Dear Sirs:

I think that the new Chapel for Episcopal Academy should be of interest to your readers, for it shows how the churches of today

can appeal to youth. Recently, the Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia—the largest Episcopal day school in the United States—decided to build a new chapel. It was agreed from the beginning that the boys at the Academy should help design the building. Each one was asked what he wanted in the new chapel. Again and again the answer was “simplicity”; the boys also wanted height and space; they wanted the cross used freely in the design; and they wanted a building that was not cut off from the campus. . . .



On a budget of \$350,000, how could the Academy erect a building large enough to hold eight hundred boys, fulfilling at the same time their desires for spaciousness, a high steeple, fieldstone walls, and other expensive items? Architect Vincent G. Kling came through with the answer. . . . The church [see photograph] is in the shape of a Greek cross, with an altar in the center and the Academy family grouped around it in three transepts, each one with a separate entrance. The fourth is occupied by the pulpit, lectern, choir, organ, and sacristy. The space is enclosed by a four-gabled roof that rises to a lofty height (fifty feet) over the altar and is crowned by a steeple. . . . It not only bespeaks the great religious and liturgical traditions of the past but also the aspirations of the youth of today.

John A. Jarvis
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SERVICE

Dear Sirs:

In the April issue we read a letter from Priscilla Muller of Brooklyn, New York, in which she complained that she had not been able to obtain through her bookstore our book *Holguín y la Pintura Alopereuana del Virreinato*, which was reviewed in *AMERICAS* last December. . . . Since we realize that it is not easy to obtain Latin American books in U.S. bookshops, we are sending you a copy of our book, to be forwarded to Miss Muller in Brooklyn. . . .

José de Mesa and Teresa Gisbert
La Paz, Bolivia

OUR TYPES

Dear Sirs:

AMERICAS is a very interesting magazine. I especially enjoyed “Unfinished Business,” by George C. Compton, and “Gift of Tongues,” by N. Pelham Wright, in the April issue.

Oscar T. Medina
Olivos, Buenos Aires Province
Argentina

Dear Sirs:

I wish to express my most sincere thanks for the help I receive from *AMERICAS*. The magazine is particularly useful in my studies of the economic geography of Latin America. . . .

A. Volcor
Institute of Geography
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

This letter was written in flawless Spanish.

Dear Sirs:

After attending the opening of the Federation Parliament in Trinidad I saw Harry Murkland's article on the West Indies Federation in the July issue of *AMERICAS*. Very good!

Gary MacEoin
New York, New York

Dear Sirs:

For almost ten years I've been an ardent reader of and subscriber to the Spanish edition of *AMERICAS*. Your interesting articles have helped me keep up with my Spanish.

Albert J. McGuire
San Francisco, California

Dear Sirs:

This is just to tell you that we very much enjoyed reading “Mr. Harwell's Binoculars,” by Armando Pires, in the June issue. . . .

Eric Berger
New York, New York

Dear Sirs:

I liked the article “Siloé Helps Itself,” by

Josephina R. Albano, in the May issue of *AMERICAS*. . . . As the editor of the magazine *Extension in the Americas*, I am interested in anything dealing with the improvement of living conditions in the rural areas of Latin America. . . .

Luis Carlos Cruz
Inter-American Institute of
Agricultural Sciences
Turrialba, Costa Rica

Dear Sirs:

I have just read a copy of *AMERICAS* for the first time. As a student of Spanish and a future visitor to Latin America, I found the magazine tremendously interesting.

Lois Kreul
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Sirs:

After reading several issues of *AMERICAS* I have come to the conclusion that yours is an extraordinary publication. . . .

Francisco J. Jarabek
Buenos Aires, Argentina

LENSMAN

Dear Sirs:

I am planning to make a motion-picture travelogue of the Pan American Highway from Laredo, Texas, down into South America. I would like to contact people along the route who could guide me in photographing the most beautiful and unusual scenery.

H. M. Reish
1314 Mishawaka Avenue
South Bend 15, Indiana

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must apply individually, print their names and addresses, and be able to write in at least two of the OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by initials; students should say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

Lillyam Tono Alvarez (E.S.F.) Aranjuez Carrera 51A No. 93-22 Medellin, Colombia	Gene D. Alloups (E.S.P.)—C Hurst, Illinois	John Amado (E.S.P./F./Italian, German)—C 1707 New Hampshire Avenue, N.W. Washington 9, D.C.
Diana Sanz Fernández (E.S.P.F.) —H Díez de Julio No. 1015 Santiago, Chile	Carmen Luz Castellón A. (E.S.) Antonio Bellet 92 Santiago, Chile	Marino Huamán Reinoso (E.S.) Huerfano, via Huaran, Peru
Guillermo Múnder Veltia (E.S., F./German)—H Juan Delgado No. 709 entre Espadero y Fray Andrade Viboras, La Habana, Cuba	Tamara Navarro Turner (E.S.)—G 835 East Drexel Square Chicago 15, Illinois	Harold M. Kosch (E.S./F.) 804 Waring Avenue Bronx 67, New York
A. Campero González (E.S.P.F., Italian)* Casilla 2018 La Paz, Bolivia	José Natividad Herrera (E.S.) San Francisco de la Paz, Depto. de Olancho, Honduras	Pablo Deutech (E.S./Hungarian) Avenida San Martín s/n Unquillo, F.C.N.G.B. Pcia. de Córdoba, Argentina
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Montserrat Filella Solé (E.S./F.) Calle Tetuán No. 101 Sabadell, Barcelona, Spain	Roberto A. Quiroz (E.S.)—C 214 South Ojal Street Santa Paula, California	Luis C. Ponce (S.F.) Avenida El Cortejo No. 11 Quinta Reina Natarena Urbanización Los Rosales Caracas, Venezuela
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